Week ending July 5 1947

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

Cover painting by H. H. Harris

When a White Man Kills a Negro:

EDMUND ANTROBUS Exposes Lynch Law—page 11

Where there's F·I·S·H *there's a good meal*

It's much easier to provide the family with good breakfasts, good midday meals and good suppers, now there's more fish to be had. Fish is one of the most nourishing of foods and there are so many appetising ways of serving it. Just try this for a start:

FISH ROAST

2 lb. middle cut of cod, 8 oz. tomatoes, 1 oz. fat or dripping, 1 level teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper.

Remove any fins and make about four shallow slashes across the back of the fish. Cut one of the tomatoes into thick slices and place one of these in each slash. Dot the fish with salt and pepper and put into a baking tin. Put the rest of the tomatoes round the fish and bake in a hot oven for about half an hour or until the fish is cooked. Baste once or twice during the baking.

Did you know this?

Whether you buy beef steak from the butcher or cod steak from the fishmonger, you get the same *quantity* as well as the same first-class *quality* body-building food? Weight for weight, fish is the equal of meat as a body-builder, and all fish are alike in this. Children need fish to help them grow and grown-ups need fish to help them with the "running repairs" of their muscles and tissues.

FISH FLAN

6 oz. pastry, 2 level tablespoons chopped onion, ½ oz. dripping, 3 level tablespoons flour, 1½ level teaspoons paprika pepper, ½ pint milk and water, 1½ level teaspoons salt, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 lb. steamed white fish, chopped parsley.

Line an 8-in. sandwich tin or flan ring with the pastry and bake "blind." Fry the onion in the dripping for 5 minutes without browning, stir in the flour and paprika and cook for 1 minute. Add the liquid and bring to the boil, stirring all the time, and boil gently for 5 minutes. Add the salt, vinegar and flaked fish, heat through and turn into the hot flan case. Garnish with chopped parsley.

Choosing fresh FISH

It is important that fish should be fresh, and to enjoy it at its best, cook it as soon as possible after buying it. In choosing look for these points: Gills should be bright and clear, eyes should be full and bright, not sunken and dull. Flesh should be firm. There should be no disagreeable odour.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S.173)

If you're doubled up with

HEARTBURN

(This is due to too much acid)
Simply suck two handy Rennies—
Pain departs, your tummy's placid!

HEARTBURN AND INDIGESTION are nearly always due to *excess acid* in the stomach—often caused by starchy food, rushed meals, too little chewing.

There is a *very convenient* way to end acid stomach distress. Just carry a few Digestif Rennies with you—they're neatly wrapped—and if an attack comes, suck two, one after the other, like sweets.

Rennies counteract excess acid gently, surely, *naturally*, drip by drip. Pain simply melts away. If Rennies' balanced, 5-fold action fails to relieve your indigestion, you should consult your doctor.

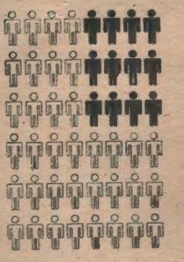
DIGESTIF **RENNIES**

In handy packets, each tablet individually wrapped—a 5-way antidote to stomach pain

From any chemist, 25 for 8d. (inc. tax)

PBS0-5

Note these Facts



A recent medical test of an industrial group proved that **Colds and 'Flu were the greatest individual time-losers, causing nearly one quarter of total absenteeism.** Colds and 'Flu can be relieved safely and speedily by taking two tablets of 'Genasprin' in a little water—*so can*

NEURITIS, RHEUMATIC PAIN SLEEPLESSNESS, TOOTHACHE AND HEADACHE.

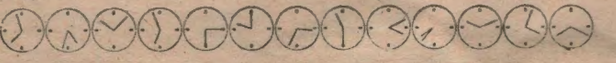
Supplies are limited but your chemist will see you get *your* share.

Prices 1/5d. and 2/3d.

At any time of strain or pain

'Genasprin' *sees you through!*

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade mark of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leics. 10A



Tins are very scarce. Empty ones should be returned to your tobacconist for re-use.

Player's Please

ALL THE TIME

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · MEDIUM OR MILD

INCC 6451

A Glamorous PERM *at* HOME

Over a Million Regular Users

ENDURA—with 50 Curlers, 50 Sachets, Perming Lotion and Special Shampoos will give you a long-lasting Whole Head PERMANENT WAVE at HOME.

NO HEAT • NO MACHINE
NO ELECTRICITY

ENDURA
HOME PERMANENT *Wave*

PRICE 10/- COMPLETE OUTFIT
with Folder of Latest Hair Styles
From BOOTS and High Class Chemists

Also obtainable from ENDURA (England) LIMITED (Dept. 59), KINGSTON SURREY

LEMON HART RUM

The Golden Spirit

With Lemon, Orange or Lime A Winner every time!

No such word as can't . . .

An evening out may be an ordeal if it happens on a "wrong day" . . . . unless you know about Modess. Rounded sides and ends prevent revealing outlines, waterproof backing gives confidence, downy softness ensures comfort.

Modess

Soluble with loops 12 for 1/6½
Cottonwool with loops 12 for 2/-
Both in plain wrappings.

PERSONAL PRODUCTS DIVISION OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON (GT. BRITAIN) LTD., WREXHAM & SLOUGH

Welcome Stranger!

WE IN THIS country are thought to be insular. Stand-offish! Yet, push open the door of any inn. At once you are among friends. Our allies found "the warmest welcome in an inn". England at its best — in tradition, in infinite variety, in hospitality, in freedom and friendship — is truly represented by its inns. As Hilaire Belloc wrote: "when you have lost your inns, you will have lost the last of England".

At the friendly Inn

Printed for The Brewers' Society

SM9

SOFT... SOFTER

SOFTEX

TOILET TISSUE

Rolls or Interleaved Sheets

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DO FRIENDS SAY YOU'RE THE

Picture of Health

WHEN you're aglow with health, there's sparkle in your eyes, radiance in your complexion. And there is no surer way of enjoying such health than by taking Bile Beans—just a couple at bedtime.

A carefully-balanced formula of ten vegetable ingredients, Bile Beans purify the blood, cleanse and tone up the entire system. You feel "alive," cheerful, full of vitality and fitness. Acting naturally and effectively like exercise, Bile Beans ensure regular elimination of the toxic wastes so largely responsible for ill-health and for "putting on weight."

The Purely Vegetable Tonic-Laxative

BILE BEANS

Hurrah for Spa

(Regd)
Nylon or Bristle

46/17

This is "Sparkie," in the new Spa film — look for him at your local cinema.

With its correctly-shaped head (long or short, as you please) — its clean-cut tufts — and fine finish — SPA is the very last word in toothbrushes. The finest toothbrush you can buy.

John Freeman & Co., Ltd., "Spa" Brush Works, Chesham, Bucks.

LATEST TOE-LESS AND HEEL-LESS 2-TIER WEDGE

All leather, rich Brown super-quality Willow Calf, solid leather bend soles and insoles. Large fitting sizes 2-7 and half sizes. Beautifully made.

35/- CARR. PD.
7 Coupons.

Latest HIGH HEEL

Fancy bow, 3 in. latest 1947 Spanish Heel. Beautifully finished in Black or Brown super-quality calf. Med. fitting sizes 2-7 and half sizes.

27/6 CARR. PD.
7 Coupons.

Money-back guarantee.

Send now, stating size and colour, to:

BUNNY'S
Dept. K, 26 Market Place, Dewsbury

I'm on my toes now —

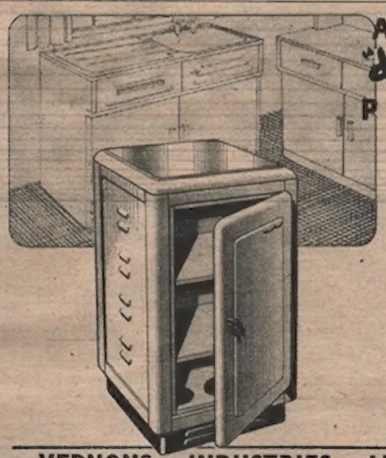
thanks to SPRATT'S CONDITION POWDERS

★ ONE OF THE RANGE OF SPRATT'S DOG MEDICINES

★ Spratt's range of Medicines includes:— Condition Powders; Worm Powders and Worm Remedies; Fits Tablets; Distemper Powders; Stomach Tablets (for Travel Sickness, etc.) Spratt's Toilet Preparations include:— Soapless Shampoo also Dry Cleaning Powder.

Just as reliable as SPRATT'S famous DOG FOODS

SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., 41-47 Bow Road, London, E.3



A "House Proud" PRODUCT

A hygienic food safe made of the finest steel, with solid aluminium, and galvanized steel grid shelves. Louvred vents and fine gauge perforated zinc ensure perfect ventilation and insect proofing. Beautifully designed and attractively finished in a variety of pastel shades, stove-enamelled for hard wear.

Write for illustrated leaflet No. 30

VERNONS INDUSTRIES LTD. LIVERPOOL

The original WHITE CLEANER

LIQUID or SOLID

"BLANCO"

FOR CANVAS AND BUCKSKIN SHOES

Winning

"Teacher said Willie should be a bright boy, so he's rubbed himself with Mansion Polish 'cos you said it made everything bright."

Use sparingly—still in short supply.

In Tins 10d. and 1/6.

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE & LINO

THE perfected SHAVE

Perfect in comfort and smoothness. Brushless, quick and slick. No sting or razor clog. Special emollients leave the skin soft and refreshed. A 1/9 jar lasts a month. Try a luxury Brylshave for yourself!

BRUSHLESS

Brylshave

"VERY, VERY COMFORTABLE"

Made by the makers of BRYLCREEM

BS 10 royale

"OLD SQUAREFACE" returns!

"Old Squareface" is back again, ready for old friends and the new generation who will enjoy Hollands Gin for the first time.

(ASK UNCLE OR AUNTIE)

DeKUYPER HOLLANDS GIN

30/- PER BOTTLE

Greet him with a Smile

But make sure it's an Odol Smile, the smile that's marked by the gleam of perfect, pearly teeth, always brilliant and free from decay. Always use Odol, the smooth, refreshing, non-gritty Odol which Dentists recommend as the safest, surest way to make and keep your teeth like pearls.

Keep the winning Odol Smile!

TOOTH-PASTE - - - - - - 1/3
SOLID DENTIFRICE - - - 1/3 & 9d.
TOOTH POWDER - - 10½d. & 6d.
DENTURE POWDER - - 10½d. & 6d.

Prices include Purchase Tax.

Try MACKESON'S Stout

You'll like it better!

£255 A YEAR plus guaranteed bonuses for YOU AT AGE 60

(for women the income would be slightly smaller)

or

£3000 IN CASH plus guaranteed bonuses for YOU AT AGE 60

The choice is yours.

£3000 plus accrued guaranteed bonuses for YOUR FAMILY in the event of your death before age 60

The above is an example of the kind of benefits you can secure through a

PEARL PENSION ASSURANCE

★ ENQUIRY FORM

1d. Stamp only if envelope unsealed

J.B. 80 (5.7.47)

To PEARL ASSURANCE CO. LTD., HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

Please let me know the annual cost of securing a yearly income of £..... at age 60/65* (other benefits proportionate).

Date of Birth..... *Delete age not applicable

Name (Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

Yours—through thick and thin

The big advantage of buying a really good pen is that it leaves you congratulating yourself for the rest of your life. The Summit is just such a pen—beautifully formed, perfectly made, unfailing in its action.

the **Summit** pen

MADE IN ENGLAND

FOR THE *REST* OF YOUR LIFE

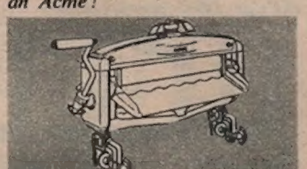
Ask your furnisher

WILLIAM RHODES LTD. LEEDS. NOTTINGHAM. LONDON

Baby's nappies are just like snow-

Betty lends me her ACME

Betty got her Acme years ago, but it's still perfect for the whole wash—from blankets to handkerchiefs! I'm wanting one badly, but I know Acmes are up against all sorts of difficulties just now. They've got those six years to make up—and then it's so hard these days to get all the materials they need to make their wonderful wringers. And they told me at the stores Acmes are being terribly careful to see that *every* woman *everywhere* stands the same chance of getting one as they're made. Anyhow Acmes are so much the best I'd never dream of taking anything else. I'm going on waiting — because I *must have an Acme!*



Obtainable only from Ironmongers, Hardware Stores and Housefurnishers.

ACME WRINGERS LIMITED., DAVID STREET, GLASGOW, S.E.

KNOW YOUR TYRES

What do you mean by "mileage"?

A tyre may run 25,000 miles before the fabric shows but the only "mileage" that interests you is the length of time the tread is still capable of gripping the road under all conditions. Safety mileage depends on a perfect BALANCE between the depth and width of tread pattern in conjunction with the sidewall and fabric plies. The new INDIA balanced-construction tyre is the most advanced tyre obtainable today.

INDIA THE FINEST TYRES MADE

INDIA TYRES ARE FITTED TO BENTLEY CARS

JOHN BULL

186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

Phone: TEMPLE BAR 2468 Grams: Heroically, Westcent, London

JULY 5, 1947 . VOL. 82 NO. 2140

Hope for Europe

GENERAL MARSHALL'S SPEECH offering help to Europe by way of dollar credits, is now recognized as probably the most important event in the world since the end of the war.

For the first time, a genuine prospect is opened up for the peoples of Europe, and, indeed, elsewhere in the world, of a remedy which goes to the root of all our present troubles.

It is a mistake to think that these troubles would be solved if the United States imported a much greater amount of goods today. The necessity is that she should pour out supplies from her own abundance to the needy countries, greatly in excess of what she takes back, during the next two or three years of recovery. But this can only happen if loans or credits on a corresponding scale are somehow made by the United States to the needy countries.

That is why General Marshall's offer goes to the real root of the problem, and why the British Government has been profoundly wise to seize the opportunity without delay.

If some approved international body supervises the raising and distribution of the loans, and the purposes for which they are spent, there will be all the better chance of the dollars being used for real purposes of recovery and re-equipment, and not squandered for wasteful purposes. A co-operative effort will also recognize the basic fact that European countries like Britain today are suffering not from a specific British problem, but from a world shortage of dollars which affects almost all of us.

The Lords on Trial

MUCH ANGRY NONSENSE has been talked these last two weeks about the House of Lords.

Their Lordships are attacked because they have mangled the Transport Bill sent up by the House of Commons.

In the Lower House, Labour has a big majority: in the Upper House, the Conservative Party has it.

Now it is no more sensible to blame the Tory Lords for using their majority than it is to blame the Socialist Commons for using theirs.

As the Constitution now stands, they both are perfectly entitled to do so. And indeed, if either majority failed to carry out its Party's pledges, it would be attacked for doing that.

What the nation has to decide is not whether it should be angry with the peers, but whether it wants them to go on having their present power to delay the passage of a Bill by two years, despite the desires of the Members of Parliament who represent the people by election.

There is certainly a growing feeling that the House of Lords as now constituted is out of date, and has, indeed, no proper place in our system of democratic government.

Obviously the accident of aristocratic birth should not give a man the right to legislate in defiance of his fellow citizens. Equally obviously, it is a good thing to have a Second Chamber where new legislation can be inspected before it is confirmed. Such a Second Chamber would in theory be above the electoral hurly-burly and therefore able to judge new measures more calmly than the Commons.

Abolition of hereditary right to sit in the Lords, clipping of the peers' power to delay legislation—these are alternative measures to the outright abolition of the Upper House.

And it seems both fortunate and probable that a compromise on these lines will be worked out in the next few years.

Curb the Clothing Racketeers

A FIRST-CLASS ROW about clothing prices is likely to be let loose at this weekend's conference of the National Union of Tailors and Garment Workers.

Delegates want to know why there is such a vast gap between what their union members get in wages for making non-Utility clothes—and the selling price of these clothes.

It is notorious that since a maximum price of £20 was fixed for women's non-Utility coats, that has also become the *minimum* price.

And as the Board of Trade is reported to be inquiring what percentage of non-Utility clothes is sold below the top price, we can warn Sir Stafford Cripps not to waste his officials' time. The answer is: None!

On the contrary, all sorts of dodges are employed to get above the maximum. Coats, for instance, are being sold well above it because the belts are counted as extras.

But the tailors' conference delegates, fresh from their workshops will know that such coats bring in only about £2 in wages to the people who make them up. The sweat-shops of the clothing industry are still sweatshops, in spite of trade union efforts and Government regulations!

The answer is clear: the clothing racketeers must be curbed.

Furniture: Hard Facts

A LITTLE MORE new furniture for the shabby homes of Britain can be made this month—but not much.

The timber allocation to the trade has been increased, but it is still less than half what it was before the war, because much of the wood used in the factories comes from the United States.

Britain, of course, still grows oak trees. But our timber has been cut ruthlessly in two successive wars, and it is not being replaced.

The blunt fact we must face is that rationing of traditional wooden furniture has come to stay for some years. More timber for the trade will depend on more dollars in our purse—and therefore on success in the long slog back to prosperity.

Meanwhile, there is scope for enterprise in finding substitute materials for furniture—and scope for readiness on the public's part to accept these substitutes.

There is still a great prejudice against metal furniture, while furniture made of deal and plywood is considered "cheap and flimsy." We shall have to overcome those prejudices.

And a warning to the makers of new, unrationed types of furniture—don't profiteer! The Board of Trade should watch closely any developments in this field.

The private individual
limited company
industrialist
employed
employer

These all value the unrivalled services of the

Midland Bank Limited

"My teeth really ARE whiter!"

Your smile sparkles with a new whiteness, a new brilliance, after just a week of using Pepsodent — the toothpaste that contains Irium. *Exclusive to Pepsodent*, Irium is the most effective tooth-cleaning substance known to dental science. Its soft, gentle action emulsifies and washes clean away the dull stains and harmful film that cloud the natural lustre of your teeth. It leaves them polished, gleaming like pearls — whiter than you have seen them since you were a child! Use Pepsodent twice a day — see your dentist twice a year.

It's the Irium in Pepsodent toothpaste that gives you sparkling white teeth

PD 122-786-55

Make it a DRUMMER SUMMER

WM. EDGE & SONS, LTD., BOLTON

Also makers of JIFFY DYES

319

ONLY THE BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH —
so the CALL is for

GILBEY'S GIN

The Food for GENERAL FITNESS!

The strength for hard work demands full nourishment. WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT is rich in those food elements that provide vigour, health and staying power.

WELGAR
(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)
SHREDDED WHEAT

Made by the Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., WELwyn GARden City, HERTS.

Try 'PRIORY' - it's very good TEA

PRIORY TEA & COFFEE CO. LTD., LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM

Every time you use your Halex toothbrush a regiment of keen, pliant nylon tufts springs into action. With every stroke you make, the lively points go searching in and out of all the nooks and crannies — cleaning and polishing up your teeth.

HALEX
for a nice clean mouth

The new 2/- FAMILY SIZE *Carton*

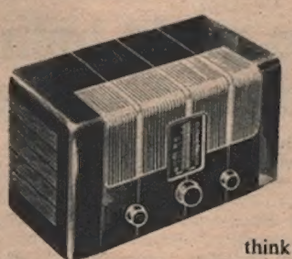
The new 1 lb. "Family Size" carton of "Three Cooks" Soups provides unrationed goodness for the family for several days—no less than 30 generous portions. In a choice of 8 delicious varieties, including Tomato, Kidney, Mock Turtle, Oxtail, etc. Price 2/- any variety. In powder form, "Three Cooks" Soups are easily prepared, without stock or long simmering.

Always keep some handy.

"THREE COOKS" Ltd.
26 King's Road
READING
(Reading 3245)

"THREE COOKS" Soups

HAVING IT BOTH WAYS



Most owners of Mains Sets have little or no idea what it costs to run them. But ask the owner of a Battery Set! He pays out solid cash for battery renewals and accumulator charging. He knows! In this new Murphy Set — the B119 — we've tried to give the Battery Set user plenty of power and yet keep running costs low. Have we succeeded? Well, we think we have but you can make up your own mind by going along to your Murphy Dealer.

B119 — £13 . 8 . 11
(excluding Batteries) Including Purchase Tax.

SEE YOUR murphy DEALER

MURPHY RADIO LTD., WELWYN GDN. CITY, HERTS.

C.R.C.219

Ah! BISTO

FOR DELICIOUS GRAVY

TESTED JB

Mayfair

TOFFEES AND CHOCOLATES

APPROVED JB

Melt in every mouth!

MAYFAIR are now making three new "better quality" assortments of their delicious Toffees and Chocolates, for those who appreciate the good things of life. These are:

MAYFAIR "Première"
VANITY FAIR "Super Six"
VANITY FAIR "Fanfare"

Rich chocolate coatings, a host of intriguing new centres . . . truffle, fudge, caramel, fruit flavourings, crême . . . in gay swagger wrappings. Yes **it's treats ahead** for you!

ALWAYS ASK FOR MAYFAIR & VANITY FAIR ASSORTMENTS

Made by Mayfair Products Ltd., Sunderland.

MR

Why **Weetabix** is "more than a breakfast food"

Weetabix is delicious at any time of the day. With milk and sugar, Weetabix makes a good start for a hard day. With something savoury, Weetabix makes a perfect light lunch or children's supper. As a bedtime snack, it brings sleep and satisfaction, and *no* cooking is required.

Weetabix TESTED JB

MORE than a Breakfast Food

WEETABIX LTD., BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS

W.49

CHOSEN FOR **Charm**

Veronica Papworth, Fashion Artist of the London 'Star', who drew this girl for us, said: 'I chose her for her charm—that dark hair, and the neatness of her comfy rose-pink cardigan.'

There's nothing quite like Sylvan for keeping your most delicate woollens soft and fleecy-new. You'll capture just that charm Veronica Papworth so admires in your comfy cardigan—but trust it only to Sylvan, because *white* Sylvan is pure soap—*mild* Sylvan is soda-free—*thorough* Sylvan whisks up in a flash to clouds of frothy lather. That's why Sylvan takes the finest possible care of your precious woollens.

SYLVAN FLAKES

keep woollens soft and fluffy

TESTED JB

but I've got a tin of NESCAFÉ

The beauty of Nescafé is that it makes a perfect cup of coffee right in the cup; no grounds, no bother. Still a bit difficult to get—but when you do, it's a treat to the last spoonful, for the aroma is *sealed in* by the special Nestlé's process.

NESCAFÉ IS A SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT composed of coffee solids, with dextrins, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma.

TESTED JB

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT 23A

NO EMPTIES—NO FULLS

The supply of new S.D.I. bottles is far below the number required. As a result, the quantity of squash and cordial your retailer receives is now related to the number of empties he returns. Therefore, he may refuse to supply full bottles of squash or cordial unless empty bottles are handed back. We regret the necessity for this, but the bottle position is so critical that we have no option but to institute this

S·D·I

BOTTLE FOR BOTTLE RULE

The Soft Drinks Industry (War Time) Association Ltd., 42 Upper Grosvenor St., London, W.1 cvs—67

BOTTLED VINEGAR is best for pickling!

and this is the BEST BOTTLED VINEGAR

TESTED JB

BOTTLE FRUIT IN JAM JARS with SNAP PAT. VACUUM CLOSURES

SIMPLE—QUICK—CHEAP!

2/6 PER CARTON OF TWELVE, 1-lb. or 2-lb. SIZE

GRAHAM FARISH LTD.
BROMLEY & STAPLEHURST, KENT

Branches at
PERRY ROAD · PARK ROW · BRISTOL
9 SOUTH KING STREET · MANCHESTER

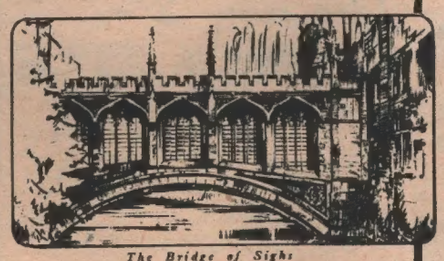
A golden rule . . .

To avoid being out-of-sorts

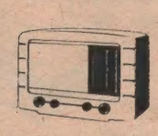
Many everyday ills and ailments are linked with the worry of constipation. In the absence of a gentle regular movement of the bowels be wise and take Beecham's Pills. This famous, trustworthy home laxative will put you right and keep you right. 1/4 & 3/3 (inc. Pur. Tax). Also in PENNYWORTHS

Beecham's Pills TESTED JB

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX



The Bridge of Sighs



CAMBRIDGE

Made in Cambridge, the centre of scientific research and development, Pye receivers are outstanding in appearance, performance and value for money. They have brilliancy and depth of tone, are easy to operate and always reliable. These Pye AC, DC/AC, battery and portable models are your guarantee of many years of efficient service.

PYE

PYE LTD., RADIO WORKS, CAMBRIDGE

N&P4

Prayer AND CRISIS

This Sunday, in city cathedrals and small village churches, the people of Britain will respond to the call for a National Day of Prayer at a time of economic crisis. To scoffers who may ask: "What use is prayer in a crisis, anyway?" this article gives an answer

by the Rev. W. E. PURCELL

THIRTY-THREE PEOPLE, including women and children, were adrift in an open boat in the Atlantic. Days before, a U-boat pack had been among a convoy Britain-bound from the Cape. These were the survivors.

A man with greying hair—he was a warrant officer—stood up in the stern as the first light broke on the sea.

"It's just crossed my mind," he said, "that today is Sunday. That means we've had a week of this. And it seems to me that we could all do with a bit of prayer. Any objections?"

There was none. All heads were bowed. The warrant officer explained that he wasn't much of a hand at prayers—but he did his best, and the simple words he used were from the heart.

That was at dawn. Soon after midday an astonishing thing happened. It was a stewardess who first heard the hum which grew into a Sunderland of Coastal Command — a plane, as they later learned, at the very extremity of its range, and even then turning for base.

The pilot saw them and came low. The thirty-three people knew, as the great plane surged off, that he had fixed their position and that they would be looked for.

So they were found. They were saved against all the odds; plucked, after a week, from the endless South Atlantic wastes by — well, by what?

The destroyer which took them aboard left their boat to drift. But a relic of the experience which stayed with them was a haunting question: was it just luck that saved them, or the sharp eyes of a Sunderland's crew—or that prayer in the dawn?

The warrant officer has no doubt. He says it was the prayer. No other explanation, in his view, meets the case. For one thing, their ship was off course when struck, far south of the usual lanes. For another, the Sunderland was looking for U-boats, not survivors. Her captain had turned that way following a last-minute hunch that there might be something doing down there.

Whether it was more than a "hunch" which turned the plane that vital degree farther south raises a question which is always coming up, and which will come up again in many minds now that yet another National Day of Prayer—ninth of a series which began on October 1, 1939—has been proclaimed for this Sunday, July 6.

Not thirty-three but many thousands among Britain's millions will be responding to the King's call; not as a mere handful of survivors but as members of a whole nation facing possible economic shipwreck.

Perhaps as many more will be wondering whether there is "anything in it." And some, among them sincere and thoughtful people, will ask themselves maybe whether such "National Days" are not based on a somewhat crude conception of religion.

When Fear is the Motive

A story told by "Woodbine Willie," famous padre of the first World War, will illustrate this last point. Visiting one day a unit under heavy fire, he and the sergeant with him came upon a lad whose nerve had gone. He was praying loudly.

"There you are," said the sergeant contemptuously, "that's prayer for you, padre."

"You're wrong, sergeant," Woodbine Willie told him, "that's not prayer at all. It's just wind—and it's up!"

Obviously, prayers for help which come only from fear, and which are forgotten as soon as the danger is past, deserve the criticism which they receive from those who prefer to get along without them.

Open to question, too, as an idea which can grow out of a misunderstanding of what a "day of prayer" should be, is the notion, to put it crudely, that God is influenced by numbers—that He is more likely to listen to ten thousand than to ten. There are certainly no grounds for this belief, and it is not held by those who officially sponsor days of prayer.

The history of religion strongly suggests, on the contrary, that neither the number of people nor the noise they make has any influence on the effectiveness of prayer. It is the sincerity alone which counts.

But perhaps the most widespread—as well as the most unfair—criticism of national prayer is that it resembles an invitation to God to take sides.

Some members of the German High Command in the recent war, it has been pointed out, were religious men in the habit of seeking Divine guidance. So were not a few among their opposite numbers on the Allied side. Did God have to choose between the two?

The answer, as it has been shown time and time again, is that no such crude choice was necessary because it was already made. God is on the side of right, as He always was.

The great thing, for nations as well as for individuals, is to try and keep on that side themselves: always a very difficult thing to do, and not made any easier by the "my country, right or wrong" attitude which only too often leads to the morals of the matter being left out of account.

If prayer can help us, then the more of it we have the better.

Yet, when all allowance has been made for the criticisms and misconceptions to which they can give rise, the fact remains that these National

Days of Prayer are a remarkable feature of British life.

We are almost alone among nations of the world in giving periodic recognition to the principle of seeking Divine guidance at times of crisis.

These Days of Prayer are called by the King himself, acting as an impartial figure beyond party or sect. Religious bodies ready to co-operate pass on the call. There is no question of compulsion. It is an invitation, pure and simple.

How many people respond? The low ebb to which religious belief in modern Britain is said to have fallen would suggest that very few do. The facts give an entirely different picture. Church authorities ever since 1940 have been astonished at the vastness of the response.

And the results? The dangers of attempting to assess the results of prayer by an appeal to the immediate consequences are well known. Our view of the goodness or badness of what follows is bound to be a short-term one because we are ourselves creatures of a comparatively short-term existence, and our tendency is always to judge things by our own immediate needs.

A London parson in the days of the blitz came across a striking, though crude, instance of this. Visiting a street which had been badly knocked about he saw an old woman sweeping up glass.

"A terrible business last night, Mrs. Thomson."

"It was that. When I heard the bombs coming down I prayed hard that they'd go over. They did, and hit the other end of our street."

"But surely that was hard on the folk there?"

"Well, they ought to have prayed, too, and pushed the bombs a bit farther on."

A Modern Miracle

What of the Days of Prayer during the war? The first was on Sunday, October 1, 1939. Perhaps the most memorable was that on the clear early summer day of May 26, 1940, when the Channel ports were falling and it seemed as though generations of unimaginable tyranny awaited most of the Western world.

Why did we not go down? Not one of the revelations which have come out of conquered Germany since has lessened the miracle of that deliverance. Every probability was against survival.

Those who feel—and they are many—that a power not taken into account in the calculations of the experts on either side had a hand in that deliverance have at least this one dramatic and undeniable fact to point to. Like the warrant officer in the open boat, they just look at what happened and draw their own conclusions.

But there are many who feel, in this scientific twentieth century, with its knowledge of the inflexible laws of cause and effect, that the idea of a God actively intervening in the affairs of men—turning the Sunderland a point farther south, keeping the Channel calm during the evacuation from Dunkirk—is open to the gravest objections. If National Days of Prayer encourage this sort of thing, they say, then we are better without them.

But they don't. Not "save us at any price," but "help us to be worth saving" has been the motif behind all the Days of Prayer in recent years. It will be the same this Sunday, when many thousands will be tapping what has been called "the greatest unused source of power" at a time when our national future depends, as rarely before, on our making full use of all the resources which we have.

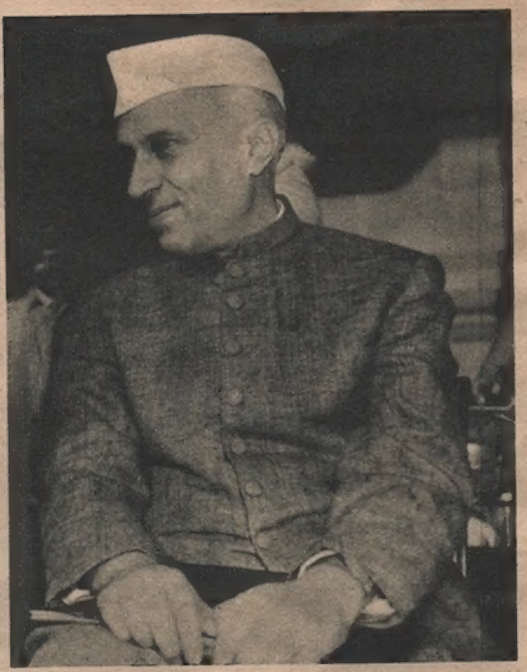
More and more of us are coming to see how serious a mistake it is to assume that the resources which matter are all material: manpower, wealth, brains.

Empires have fallen through that error.

It may well be that among the reasons why Britain has thus far survived—and for long held the moral leadership of the world—is the clear vision of her people.

Battered, weary, storm-tossed on the seas of history, many of our best people and much of our treasure lost through that shipwreck which was the war, our situation is not unlike that of those survivors in the open boat, when the warrant officer stood up and said simply: "Seems to me we could all do with a bit of prayer. Any objections?"

JINNAH—a cigar-smoking boss type. Does not favour playing to the gallery



NEHRU—an austere-living, persuasive type. Often speaks to attract applause

Passed to you, Nehru and Jinnah

by MATTHEW HALTON

THIS IS THE SUMMER of destiny for India. From the Himalayas to the Sundaban swamps, from Baluchistan to Bengal, the 400,000,000 people in their hot brown plains, their myriad villages and their swarming cities now know that the British Raj is going and that India is to be split in two.

There has never been a vaster drama of nationhood.

For over 150 years the soldiers, proconsuls and merchants of a small island off the shoulder of Europe have ruled, pacified, exploited and developed the kaleidoscopic sub-continent—and now they go.

It may be, as some say, that eight out of ten Indians in the 700,000 villages and the teeming bazaars are too ignorant and poor to care about Raj or Swaraj or Khadi or Pakistan. But whether they know or care, independence—and partition—is theirs.

Britain is handing self-government to one-fifth of the people of the world, an abdication of empire such as history has not seen before.

Triumph or Catastrophe

It may turn out to be the most promising as well as the most astonishing political phenomenon ever seen, or it may develop into a catastrophe that will drench India in blood, leave an enduring stain on the name of Britain and imperil the peace of the world.

Thirty-one years ago the leaders of Congress and the Muslim League met at the home of Jawarhalal Nehru's father in Allahabad and agreed to work together for Indian self-government.

But even as they signed that historic concordat, the Muslims saw the spectre of Hindu domination with no protecting British Raj. There lies the tragedy of India: that communal fears and passions erupted at the very prospect of independence.

Some 90,000,000 Muslims, though closely mixed up and agglomerated with the 250,000,000 Hindus and the 50,000,000 Untouchables, feared a federation that would put them at the voting mercy of an "alien" majority; and so the idea of Pakistan was born. Born, it must be noted, out of religious, not racial, hate.

"Students' Dream" Comes True

Until only a year or two ago the conception of Pakistan was regarded as wildly impracticable—a "students' dream," as it was called. Yet this summer, with the passing of the new India Act, it becomes reality.

India is to become two dominions of the British Commonwealth, Pakistan and Hindustan; with perhaps a third—Rajistan, a federation of some of the Native States. And the new dominions may opt for complete severance of the link with Britain.

The transition will be loaded with danger.

The word Pakistan is coined from the names of the great, predominantly Muslim states: P for the Punjab; A for Afghania, land of the Pathans, as well as for Assam; K for Kashmir; S for Sind; and "stan" for Baluchistan and Bangistan (which is a popular name for Bengal). The Northwest Frontier is ninety-two per cent Muslim; Kashmir and Sind are seventy-five per cent Muslim. But Bengal is only fifty-four per cent Muslim and the Punjab fifty-five per cent.

There, then, is the difficult problem. Northern India shows just how difficult it is. For Northern India is a staggering mix-up of Hindus and Muslims: islands of Hindus in lakes of Muslims and islands of Muslims in lakes of Hindus.

History holds its breath as Whitehall makes plans for handing over India to the Indians. A fifth of the world's people face a future that depends largely on two great men, whose hardest test lies ahead

What Solomon will separate two communities whose mutual religious hate is such as could produce the savage massacres and atrocities in Bengal and Bihar last year?

Much depends on the wisdom and authority of two men—two of the most remarkable men of our times: Jawarhalal Nehru, leader of the Hindus, and Mahomet Ali Jinnah, leader of the Muslims.

Only a country as bewildering as India could produce, as leaders of the two great parties, men so un-typical of the peoples they represent.

Two Men of Destiny

Nehru is a handsome Kashmiri Brahmin. The Brahmins are the most jealous and exclusive caste in the fanatically rigid hierarchy of Hinduism—yet Nehru is an agnostic. He dares to be a rationalist in a fanatically religious country, an unbeliever in the land of the sacred cow.

And there are other paradoxes. He is a wealthy aristocrat—but a Socialist. He leads the Hindus against the British—but his culture is British. He hates British imperialism — but England is his spiritual home and English literature the wellspring of his spiritual life. He is revered by millions—yet he abhors adulation.

Nehru has given much of his wealth to his cause, and lives an austere life. His diet is simple. He is a vegetarian in theory; he feels that meat is coarsening, but will eat it occasionally. Infrequently he will smoke and drink a glass of vine. His few pleasures are found in flower gardens, in the high mountains, in the company of children and friends, and above all in poetry.

On the whole Nehru is a lonely man, always apart from the crowd, and sometimes moody and unhappy. The terrible, almost hopeless, backwardness of India disheartens him at times.

Nehru was born in Muslim Kashmir, Jinnah was born in Hindu Bombay — and the leader of the Muslims is, racially, a Hindu. He is a descendant of one of the many who were converted to Islam in the days of the Muslim conquerors. But he is not an orthodox Muslim.

Jinnah speaks English better than any other language. He dresses like a European, drinks whisky, smokes big cigars. He too is revered by his followers, yet he is entirely and deliberately opposed to the popular Muslim conception of a hero. He refuses to grow a beard, for example, though to the Muslim beards always go with heroes.

One of his followers said once: "The man is an Englishman—he insists on his morning tea!" He is certainly, like Nehru, anglicized. He played Shakespearean parts in his student days in England —and wanted to run for Parliament as a Labour candidate. But unlike Nehru, he is not a Socialist now.

Contrasting Characters

The characters of the two men are in some ways diametrically in contrast. Jinnah is the intransigent, Nehru the empiricist; Jinnah the boss type, Nehru the persuader. Jinnah is cold, Nehru is charming and reasonable. Jinnah seems to resent criticism, Nehru seems to welcome it—and both attitudes may be deceptive.

Jinnah never says anything for easy applause, Nehru often does.

Both men have one powerful sentiment in common with each other and with almost all Indians. It is the sentiment which is at the root of the whole independence movement: a bitter resentment at what they regard as British arrogance, or snobbery, or superiority.

Let us make no mistake — it is the cold and unfriendly attitude of the British overlords, more than anything else, which rankles in India. Nehru has described it fully in his great autobiography. And Jinnah often tells the story of a Muslim general who said: "I have slain a million infidels but never insulted one." Jinnah adds: "Unlike the English."

If the criterion of greatness is impact on history, both Nehru and Jinnah are great men. But Jinnah's achievement of Pakistan is perhaps a more astonishing feat than anything of Nehru's. Would Pakistan ever have been achieved without Jinnah's leadership? I put the question to one of his lieutenants, and he replied: "I prefer to put it this way. If there had been a Jinnah in the days of Muslim hegemony in Spain, Spain would still be Muslim."

But the real test of the greatness of Nehru and Jinnah is now to come. It is too soon yet to say that self-government and partition will be attained without disaster.

Will They Stay in the Empire?

In Whitehall, where the great enabling act is being quickly hammered out, there are high hopes that the partition will go smoothly, and that both Hindustan and Pakistan will elect after the interim period—after the last British soldier has gone—to remain within "the mysterious circle of the British Crown."

It is fairly certain already that Pakistan will be content to remain a free dominion. The Muslim leaders have often suggested that, given the real substance of freedom and freedom of choice, they would choose fellowship in this Commonwealth. It is possible that Hindustan will make the same choice. Unfortunately Congress has already made a declaration of complete independence which may prove difficult to withdraw.

If the desired happens, it will give an everlasting lustre to the British name as well as happiness to India. The shortcomings will be forgotten, and the great fact remembered that the British brought 400,000,000 people to democratic manhood.

A Splendid Opportunity

As the sun set on empire it would rise in splendour on commonwealth, and men would say: "There has never been anything like this. We called the British 'imperialists'—and yet a subcontinent of a different race elects to join their company!"

If the undesired happens, the last Viceroy may turn sadly to Kipling's *One Viceroy Resigns*:

". . . Multiply
By twice the Sphinx's silence. There's your East.
And you're as wise as ever. So am I . . . .
And all this while commend you to Fate's hand
(Here at the top one loses sight of God)
Commend you then to something more than you—
The Other People's blunders . . . and that's all."

I think an Indian friend of mine was not overdramatic when he wrote a few days ago:

"Here in Delhi we feel that history is holding its breath."

Map shows the problems that partition in India will pose. Dark grey areas represent Muslim and voting districts. In light grey are the Hindu zones, and in white the Princes' States

Private View of Flora Robson

THE UNSPOILT "GOOD SCOUT"

ALTHOUGH the British public have followed Flora Robson for years on stage and screen in a bewildering diversity of parts, few would recognize her in a crowd. That is the penalty, or the advantage, of being a character actress.

One remembers her with her imperious false nose as Queen Elizabeth in *Fire Over England*, with her fantastic wig as the slave girl in *Caesar and Cleopatra*, or with lines and furrows as the lonely, weary nun in *Black Narcissus*.

When Flora Robson attended a premiere of *Catherine the Great*, two women sitting in front of her kept up a running commentary on her face every time it flashed on to the screen. "Urgh! *Isn't* she ugly? Those teeth! And that face!"

She tells this story with a warm glow of amusement in her dark eyes. She isn't pretty, and knows it. But she has qualities for which many women would gladly exchange their looks—great energy, a dynamic personality, a musical voice and the creative gift of acting. She has courage, too. It needed plenty to survive long years of disappointment.

And she can earn £500 a week compared with the £3 which she received for her memorable performance in Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms* in 1931.

Flora was born in South Shields forty-five years ago. Her father was a marine surveyor, and she was lucky enough to have two brothers and two sisters; she's highly-strung and might otherwise have become self-centred. Instead she could forget herself and become interested in other people; the way they walked, talked and behaved. Her parents saw her natural gift for mimicry and sent her to piano, dancing and elocution lessons.

Later her father was appointed Chief Salvage Officer at the Admiralty, and the family moved to Palmer's Green in North London.

The Robsons ran a home marionette show, for which they would write simple plays. The characters would be projected outside a curtain, the arms and legs of the marionette being worked with the hand, while Flora or her brother would recite the dialogue behind. And every Saturday there was the weekly pilgrimage to the Wood Green Electric Theatre, where the first "flicks" were shown in a hay loft, over a slaughterhouse. There they revelled in cowboys and Indians, custard-tart throwers and lusty murderers. Intrusive noises from the slaughterhouse downstairs added a touch of realism.

Flora Robson was and is a tomboy, but in contrast she had a trait that would reveal itself in brief, brilliant flashes. There would be glimpses, sometimes, of an indefinable pathos. It is recorded in a book about Charles Fry, one of her tutors, that ". . . he was examining a child for the introductory grade, and came up from the examination room almost unmanned." He had asked Flora, then not ten years old, to portray grief, which she had done all too realistically.

STILL, she drew too generously on her emotional reserves. She had a nervous breakdown at twelve, and dropped her dramatic studies until she was seventeen, when she attended the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She won their Bronze Medal at the age of twenty-one, but could hardly conceal her disappointment. She wanted the highest award, the Gold Medal.

She went into provincial repertory, beginning with a small part as the ghost of a queen in *Will Shakespeare*. This was followed by other small and not-so-small rôles in Shakespearian plays with the Ben Greet Repertory Company. Then she joined a highbrow "rep" at Oxford and became steeped in Ibsen, Shaw and Chekov. It meant "living in suitcases," irregular meals, and pay which a junior clerk might disdain.

A few friendly lines in a provincial newspaper, and a credit balance of two shillings, were the only recompense for weeks of tough rehearsal. Critics praised her, but she couldn't persuade London managers to come and see her act.

At twenty-four she decided she was a failure. She retired from the theatre and worked for four years as a welfare officer in a factory at Welwyn. It was a dangerous thing to do. Normally, an actress should have made her name before thirty—or else. . . . But it did Flora Robson good. Her health improved, she was happy in her work; she organized a factory theatre, though she did not act in it. The workers really appreciated her, and showed it. Her confidence grew and with it an unbearable nostalgia for theatrical life.

At twenty-eight, when she was earning £6 a week with the certainty of a pension at fifty, she left for a £3 10s. a week job for seven weeks with a repertory company at Cambridge. But after that she didn't look back.

FOR the next eighteen months she played leading parts in a bewildering diversity of plays, eventually coming to London to prove, once and for all, that there was hardly any character rôle which she could not fill to perfection.

Until the outbreak of war, Flora was constantly overworked. In films, she played the part of a spinster in a light romantic comedy, a Port Said cafe-keeper, Queen Elizabeth, Mary Tudor, and the swaggering pirate, Mary Read. She spent four years in Hollywood during the war before coming back to sign up with Rank.

Some of her best performances—such as those at the Old Vic—have been the least profitable. And, unlike some stage stars, she has not thought it beneath her dignity to accept smaller parts on the screen than she would be given on the stage. The cinema, she knows, is a different medium, demanding a different technique. She accepted the fact that it needed to be learned separately, and that the screen set could not be treated as though it were another stage.

Her technique as an actress, she says, is to underplay a part, using restraint as a prelude to an anti-climax. She learned from Charles Laughton that in film-making she was inclined to use up too much emotional energy in long shots; now she saves this for close-ups.

Flora Robson at forty-five is genuinely unspoiled. More feminine off the stage than some of her parts might suggest, she is friendly, approachable and frank. She likes reading Tolstoi, conversation and gardening. And she is a Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society.

Her country house at Chalfont St. Peter, plainly furnished, is a happy centre around which the entire Robson family revolves. Unmarried herself, Flora is a perfect aunt, remembering everyone's birthday, paying for the education of a promising young nephew.

To be happy in private life is essential, she thinks, if one is to play tragedy on the stage or screen, and the more miserable she is in her part, the better she feels afterwards.

She gets a lot of pleasure from her occasional poetry readings for the B.B.C., and it is from these that she receives the largest fan-mail.

All those who know her call her "that good scout." The phrase probably sums her up.

Like Queen Elizabeth, whom she has impersonated so superbly, she has a robust sense of humour.

She once told a taxi-driver he was taking a needlessly long route. The taxi-driver became abusive. Flora remembered some unconventional words that her experience of low-life rôles had added to her vocabulary.

Her torrent of invective, in a rich, simulated Edinburgh accent, startled the taxi-driver into instant and unquestioning submission.

DENNIS BARDENS

When a white man kills a negro

A lynch mob, using improvised rams, batters its way into the jail at San Jose, California. Two negroes were dragged out and hanged

by EDMUND ANTROBUS

To us, lynching seems a relic from barbaric times; its persistence in an otherwise civilized nation baffling. Here is a close-up of this problem

A SHORT WHILE AGO a jury in Greenville, South Carolina, U.S.A., acquitted a mob which had lynched a negro, although twenty-nine of the thirty-one accused men had actually confessed to the crime.

But the jury's decision wasn't what amazed everyone in America. What was found amazing was that a Southern town had bothered to have a trial at all.

The leading citizens of the town wanted the trial; the sheriff, the judge and the governor of the state leaned over backwards to bring the slayers to justice. It was an honest lynching trial; all it lacked was one man on the jury with the courage to find them guilty.

But no one could do it; possibly no one in the entire area had the courage or the desire to stand up against the unwritten law of the South—"white supremacy."

Everyone in the South, with the exception of all but the most depressed negroes and the intelligentsia, believes in this myth with about the same passion as Charles I believed in the divine right of kings.

If the Greenville trial had taken place in Nazi Germany, with the defendants storm troopers and the lynched victim a Jew, the verdict would have been the same, but the legal proceedings would have been very different. It is important to realize that behind the proceedings of the court there was a real desire for reform.

How, then, does it happen that, in a country which in other respects is fairly civilized, twenty-nine self-confessed murderers can escape justice?

Lynching is a hideous crime which survives in the South like a toad, principally by darkness, supported by the myth of "white supremacy." The implications contained in that phrase are repugnant to the millions of Americans who don't suffer from racial prejudice. But those who *are* afflicted derive from it a neurotic strength and dignity. It is a regional sickness and needs explaining.

How the Evil Started

The South was left in social and economic chaos when the Civil War ended in 1865 — which, historically, is not very long ago. Lincoln died that year and the nation was leaderless. Consequently his plans for reconstruction of the South were not carried out and that enormous area of the country, semi-feudal in its structure, was left to rot just like the dead who had fought the war. (The South was economically destroyed and its attempts at recovery are still in process today, after eighty-two years.)

The North emancipated the negroes and hurried to give them civil rights. In some cases negroes were actually given supremacy over whites. This was not out of misguided humanity, but a vicious attack by the North on the South, as a means of getting votes for Northern parties.

As soon as the heat of the Civil War had cooled, and as soon as the Northern armies had withdrawn from Southern capitals, the South hurried to disfranchise the freedmen. This was accomplished in the early days by forming secret societies such as the Ku Klux Klan, which by warnings, nocturnal visits, impressive parades in white hoods and other methods, sometimes including murderous violence, managed to frighten great masses of coloured voters from the polls.

But, despite the successful intimidation of the negroes, the South lived in fear of negro domination. It was unquestionably an hysterical illusion. The negroes, bewildered and untrained as artisans after years of slavery, were incapable of taking advantage of the civil rights the North had thrust upon them. But fear of possible negro domination grew in grotesque proportions.

Savage race-hatred developed in a Southerner at the slightest indication that the negro might step into a more independent role. Although many negroes have escaped their bondage and by education become great spirits in the arts, sciences and professions, the Southern fable persists that "all negroes without exception, however pale, are lazy but good-natured, thieving and lecherous and murderous but very kind to children, and all of them are given to singing merry lyrics about slavery."

Because this pattern hasn't worked out in practice, "white supremacy" has become the cry of demagogic politicians in the South. To keep the negro "in his place" and to punish alleged crimes of rape and murder, lynch law gained a high respectability.

Lynching became fiercer as the South got poorer and more spiritually depressed. The South has a feeling of cultural and economic inferiority, and unquestionably still bolsters itself psychologically with "white supremacy," as Hitler bolstered Germany with the myth of the Aryan race.

Political demagogues, notably Talmadge and Bilbo, have won elections by inciting the emotions

Talking Points About ASTROLOGY

ASTROLOGY HAS FLOURISHED for at least five thousand years. The kings of Babylon made war with the guidance of the stars. Last January, the Dalai Lama forbade for three years any attempt on Everest, since the stars foretold calamity. Recently an astrologer claimed that two London doctors always ask him for a patient's horoscope before treatment.

★ ★ ★

Sample polls show that in Britain about one person in seven believes in astrology. In 1942 the figure was given as four in ten—war-strain always drives the weak to supernatural consolation. In the U.S.A. (where there are 25,000 astrologers) the stars are used to get stock-market tips; but no astrologer has made a stock-exchange fortune.

★ ★ ★

Hitler believed in astrology. Louis de Wohl, who escaped from Germany, was employed (it is said) by British Intelligence to watch Hitler's horoscope, since the date of attacks often depended on favourable planets. In the spring of 1945 Hitler deduced from the stars that a miracle would save him. The news came: "Roosevelt is dead." "Here is the miracle," said Hitler— but the stars were wrong.

★ ★ ★

Astrologers in Goebbels's pay were sent to influence the credulous. One of them, Yordon Lulchev, was recently condemned to death on the charge of completely subjecting King Boris of Bulgaria to Hitler's wishes. Sir Isaac Newton, whose mathematics founded modern astronomy, was, oddly enough, addicted to astrology; but Flamsteed, Astronomer Royal in those days, was not.

★ ★ ★

The case for astrology has been put thus: The moon and sun control the tides, and must therefore control the human body, since it is ninety per cent water. Incidentally, the moon was probably the origin of astrological beliefs, its hazed appearance foretelling the storms which caused disastrous flooding in early civilizations.

★ ★ ★

Since astrologers want the exact second of birth, nurses are sometimes asked to "stop-watch" the arriving child. In one hospital this became such a nuisance it was forbidden. Some astrologers think the instant of conception a better guide. According to a Russian who practises in Paris, character is determined by the cosmic radiation falling on the fertilized cell; this depends on the tilt of the earth's axis, which the position of the planets indicates.

★ ★ ★

Astrologers are usually wrong. They all said: "No war" in September, 1939. In 1941 a prediction that Hitler would not attack Russia appeared in a newspaper. In the stop press column of the same issue was news of the attack. During the recent cold spell Edward Whitman, honorary secretary of the British Federation of Astrologers, predicted on February 20 a break in ten days "when Saturn moves from Aquarius." Result: blizzard.

★ ★ ★

Astrologers have often strange backgrounds. A Madame Maybelle, who filed a petition of bankruptcy, had been fish-fryer, tobacconist, phrenologist, numerologist, palmist and astrologer. Another "professor" graduated from selling vacuum cleaners.

★ ★ ★

Nostradamus, most famous of all astrologers, was a Jewish doctor who became physician to Charles X of France in the sixteenth century. His prophecies foretold, among other things, aerial warfare. But, strictly analysed, they are mostly so vague they can mean anything.

★ ★ ★

The following announcement appeared early in the war: "Owing to the uncertainty of the immediate future, it has been decided to suspend publication of the British Journal of Astrology."

Continued from previous page

of the poor Southern whites with "white supremacy." Talmadge, then Governor of Georgia, who died in office, rallied votes with the ludicrous and savage cry, "Keep the niggers out of Pullman cars."

Between 1900 and 1944, 1,770 negroes were lynched in America, mostly in the Southern States. The records say that between 1882 and 1944, 533 were lynched in Mississippi, 483 in Georgia, 299 in Alabama, 155 in South Carolina.

But most of these killings occurred at the turn of the century. There were 106 lynchings in the South in the year 1900, whereas in recent years the number has fallen to four or five a year.

Lynching is considered essentially an American institution, but it is, of course, prevalent everywhere in the world on frontier districts where government is weak and officers of the law are too few, too morally flaccid, or too powerless to enforce order. In the early days in the West white men lynched white men for murder or just for the destruction of property.

In the South it has survived mostly as popular justice for murder or attempted rape by a negro, *whether proven or not.*

Some might assume from this objective statement of the history of lynching that the negro in the South is by nature murderous and lecherous. This is untrue, like most generalizations, but it must be remembered that negroes are forced to put up with a great deal of provocation without the democratic privilege of answering back.

Criticism is Ill Received

In the North, the negro is discriminated against both socially and economically: he is segregated, is not allowed in certain eating places and places of entertainment, and cannot take certain jobs. But he is rarely lynched.

If lynching in the South was ever an institution to protect Southern womanhood, it has survived after the necessity has passed. It protects nothing and nobody, disregards law and is fostered entirely by racial hatred and prejudice.

The North bears some responsibility for this, for, by withholding reconstruction measures for the South after the Civil War, it brought about a social disorder in which lynching flowered. That is why any criticism by the North is ill received.

Whenever a lynching case gets national attention the North makes a plea for a Federal anti-lynching law. The acquittal of the mob in the Greenville case was proof that a Southern jury won't punish the crime. Therefore, say the proponents of the Bill, there must be a Federal law to outlaw lynching.

A current Bill proposes to make lynching a Federal felony, punishable by prison terms of up to twenty years and £2,500 fines. It would impose penalties on local officers who fail in their duty to prevent lynching.

But no one seriously believes that a Federal Anti-Lynching Bill will become law. No one in the South would vote for it. The majority of negroes are disfranchised by one subtle means and another —for instance by the poll tax which still operates in most Southern States—so their voting weight would be negligible.

The South itself will have to end lynching. Protest from the North, interference by the F.B.I. seem to make the South apparently more anxious to lynch negroes.

When the North "meddles in its racial problems," the South tends to become almost psychopathic in resisting reform.

The bigoted Southerner holds the belief that "no person has the right to judge or even to talk about negroes except a born-Southerner, or a Northerner who owns a winter home in the South."

But the mood is changing. Even bigots are beginning to feel ashamed of the murder spectacles, and one day, people say, the South will send a white man to the electric chair for lynching a negro—not an entire mob, but the man who led it or did the actual killing.

It will happen if and when a jury of Southerners can pin the crime on an ex-criminal or someone whom everyone regards as a social outcast. He will be sent to the electric chair and a precedent will be set. . . . But so far, the lawful candidates for the electric chair, the participants in a lynch mob, have been pillars of the community, or near it.

To believe this, look at the scene in the Greenville courtroom. The mob was composed of respectable members of the town, middle-class citizens who looked the essence of small-town respectability: their shoes shiny, their hair combed, their suits pressed. Some had their wives sitting beside them, and one young member of the group held the hand of his wife all through the session.

The jury of their peers looked equally respectable and eyed them throughout the trial with unhappy sympathy.

Lyncher Looked Like a Teacher

It was no wonder, therefore, that although it was a rigorously honest lynching trial, the first one the South has ever had, the jury were emotionally unable to make themselves pass sentence on the lynchers.

A spectator in this court who knew nothing about the unholy curse of racial prejudice would have found it impossible to believe that these twenty-nine men had forced their way into the local jail where a negro was held for murder, stolen him from custody, slashed him with a knife, beaten him and then finished him off with a bullet.

The man accused by some of the others of using the gun looked more like a high-school teacher than a lyncher. He wore gold-rimmed glasses and had a rather quizzical yet doleful expression. He wore a dark business suit and appeared the model of respectability.

What happened really—the thing that caused this curious juxtaposition of brutality and seeming respectability—was that the South suddenly decided to have a trial. The trial was a sudden Southern exposure. The jury found themselves face to face with themselves.

They sat there looking at the accused, heard the incriminating evidence and then made their decision on the basis of Southern folk law, which is: "There is always open season on negroes down South. It is the white man's privilege to kill a negro with impunity."

Even when a white man kills a negro *without* provocation, Southern juries have always felt that such a crime should be regarded as a misdemeanour at the most, with a maximum penalty of not more than ten years.

The oath of the Ku Klux Klan required all Kluxers to come to the aid of a brother Klansman in any extremity, "treason, rape and malicious murder alone excepted."

When Negro Kills Negro

Only when a negro kills a negro is the crime regarded as murder. For generations Southern negroes have summed up this situation in a folk song—one of the few forms of protest permitted them:

"When a negro kills a white man,
They hang him like a goat;
But when a white man kills a negro,
They hardly carries it to court."

Greenville carried it to court, the prosecutor prosecuted, the judge leaned over backwards to be impartial—and the jury set all of the accused men free. Which goes to show that where prejudice is strong, justice is weak, no matter how militant the prosecution and how fair the judge.

Judge Lynch sat in the jury box.

But the nation was shocked and the South was ashamed. The well-groomed lynch mob were not the heroes in the community. The crime for which they were tried was exhibited publicly in all its brutality and cowardice.

The justice dispensed at Greenville was merely flour from a mill whose foundation still rests upon the more or less defunct institution of chattel slavery. But a white skeleton has been brought out of a dark cupboard, and even the most bigoted have heard its bones rattle, and recognized it as an issue that should have had decent burial long, long ago.

PRIESTLEY'S PAGE

WORKING GIRLS AND MARRIAGE ● TOO MUCH PLANNING? ● "THE HORSES"

— These subjects, raised by John Bull readers, are discussed by J. B. Priestley this week

Q. "Most girls today work in office or factory before getting married. Is this a better apprenticeship to motherhood than the family life girls led a generation or two ago?"

IN one way it is not. In another way it is. The girl who leaves home to work in an office or factory probably has far more to learn about being a housewife and mother.

On the other hand, she probably knows far more about men, is better fitted to be a companion to her future husband, and, just because she has left home and mixed among men in her work, her choice of possible husbands is usually far wider than that of the girl who has stayed at home.

Moreover, as most young women instinctively desire to be home-makers, this desire is often intensified by a period of work in an office or factory.

Keep girls at home and they want to go out into the world to earn a living. Let them go out and earn a living, and they passionately desire to have a home of their own.

Eighty years ago, in *A Doll's House*, Ibsen showed us his Nora breaking her domestic bonds.

The wheel has now come full circle, and we have millions of Noras sighing for those same domestic bonds.

★

Q. "Are we not suffering from too much planning?"

WE are not really suffering from too much planning. We are suffering from too little performance.

At present the planning is altogether out of proportion to the doing, so that it begins to look as if planning were an end in itself, instead of being what it really is—a rough-and-ready guide to action.

I agree that just now there are too many forms to fill in, too many checks and controls, too many inspectors and clerks kept hard at work.

The opponents of Socialism point in triumph to these and cry: "There you are! What did we tell you?" They may be right, but I for one do not think they are, just because what is being created at present is a long way from the kind of Socialism in which so many of us believe.

It is in fact a sort of state capitalism, chiefly controlled by the Civil Service and trades unionism, and showing all the weaknesses of these two institutions.

Now our Civil Service, which has many virtues, has one weakness—it still thinks and acts as if it were functioning in a pre-socialistic or capitalist state.

Thus, it still behaves as if it had to do a small job perfectly, putting its greatest effort into avoiding mistakes; whereas now it has to do a very big job, and it should get on with that job, even at the risk of making plenty of mistakes.

The mistakes do not really matter, for what is important now is that the work should be done. (This was appreciated during the war; but unfortunately it was not realized that our peacetime problems are as urgent as our wartime problems.) It is as if we were using a razor to cut down trees.

Again, the trades unions were organized to negotiate with capitalist employers. They are not creative but negotiating bodies. They are gears and brakes but not engines. And Parliament itself is also an assembly of gears and brakes and not an engine, not a creative institution.

Where then, with things as they are, is the creative energy to be found? And because we are living in the shadow of this huge problem, we cannot help feeling that there is far too much planning, too much talk about it and not enough decisive action.

But, whatever political party was in power, there would have to be a great deal of planning, otherwise we should soon be drifting into chaos.

The truth is, we have now reached something like an economic Dunkirk without having achieved another 1940 state of mind. It is as if we were up to our necks in a desperate war with two-thirds of our people unaware of the fact that we were at war.

But it is a dangerous mistake to assume that planning itself is the villain of the piece. Merely refusing to plan will get us nowhere.

Future favourites go for a training gallop. Priestley's opinion? "As a nation," he says, "we should be better off without horse racing"

★

Q. "What is your candid opinion of horse racing?"

MY own view, probably prejudiced, is that as a nation we should be better off without horse racing, because this "sport" demands so much time, trouble and attention, and really costs us far more than it is worth to us.

The same amount of time, trouble and attention spent on other things would give us, as a nation, far more satisfactory returns and rewards.

I can imagine that simply racing horses could be an exhilarating and fascinating affair, but I am always suspicious of so-called "sport" in which the financial element is as prominent as it is in horse racing.

Apart from the trainers and other professional specialists, for one person who knows about horses among racing enthusiasts there are at least a hundred who are merely looking for some easy money.

There is no harm in an occasional flutter, but the people who allow their lives to be entirely dominated by the craze for betting seem to me half-witted, and, unfortunately, now, what with dogs and football pools as well as horse racing, there are far too many of these people, and as a nation we are beginning to suffer from their presence here.

I do not think that horse racing should be forbidden, but I cannot believe that it is impossible to find some way of taxing it severely.

To my mind it is quite shocking that a Labour Government can savagely tax the theatre and yet at the same time allow the predominant craze of betting to go scot free.

⁂ *If you have a question for Mr. Priestley send it on a postcard to the Editor. No letters, requests or appeals, please.*

BOOM IN THE SHIPYARDS

Many of Britain's traditional major industries are facing heavy weather just now. Here is the story of one—shipbuilding—which is booming, and in which Britain today still leads the world

by HARRY HOPKINS

The riveter—specially painted for John Bull by M. Mackinlay—is a skilled man; a craftsman round whom a controversy rages

ALONG THE CLYDE, the Tyne, the Wear and the Tees the machine gun roar of the pneumatic riveters swells and fades like the sound of battle.

British shipyards are building over half the world's new ships. A ship a day.

Shipowners of twenty nations clamour for British liners, for British fruit ships and meat ships and British tankers; for our whale oil factory ships, our coasters, our timber carriers.

Here is an industry which has passed its 1939 export level, not by the target, 175 per cent—but by 350 per cent.

Boom is a queer-sounding word these days. But this is the story behind a boom.

When all other British bas industries are limping along, how is it that the shipbuilders can still show this old "workshop of the world" form? How comes it that here at least Britain has the world—Henry Kaiser, America and all that—so completely licked?

I thought I might find the answers to these important questions in Sunderland.

They get very mad in Sunderland when the B.B.C. calls them "a town south of Newcastle." They'd have you know Sunderland is the biggest shipbuilding town in the world. That this year, for instance, this town of 180,000 people will build almost as much shipping as all the United States.

Along the black, coiling banks of the Wear, the eight shipyards are piled in grim confusion with sooty allotments, bleak cottages, sidings—a strange, clangorous world of looming timber and rust-coloured steel, a-flicker with the brittle blue stars of the welders.

Laing's, England's oldest shipyard, birthplace of tanker fleets, now building for Norway a 22,500 tonner, biggest ever; J. L. Thompson's, where the prototypes of Henry Kaiser's 2,710 Liberty ships were shaped; Doxford's, world-famed for the Doxford Diesel Engine; Pickersgill's, Short's, Crown's and, bringing the thunder of the riveters to the heart of the city, Austin's, just below the main Wear bridge.

Carry on towards the river's mouth and, last yard down, between docks and sea, you come to Bartram's.

Under Foreign Flags

Bartram's is pretty typical. We might take a look at Bartram's—and British shipbuilding, 1947.

There is nothing spectacular about Bartram's. Its square brick office building sits sedate and mellow like something out of a Victorian print. You can almost see the masts of the full-rigged barques, fitting out at the quay alongside.

Yet to this modest three-berth yard—founded 110 years ago by a ship's carpenter—today come eager shipowners from half the world over. Of the fifteen ships on its bulging order book—enough to keep it going till 1950—not one is for a British owner. These ships will plough the seven seas under the flags of Portugal, France, Norway, Denmark and the Argentine.

Like most on the Wear, Bartram's is a "family yard." From boardroom to blacksmith's shop the family trees run through the place like keels through its ships.

Take old Billy Gamlin, for sixty-one years a "toolfettler" at Bartram's—and still on the job. His father was foreman joiner in the yard. And now his son John works with him in the black-

Jack Naisby, head draughtsman, at work in the "loft." A trifling slip here may ruin a ship

First stages in construction: laying down the backbone of "325." Shortages cause delays

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KEMP

An example of prefabrication as applied to shipbuilding: bulkhead being hoisted into place

smith's shop; his other boy, Matthew, is a plater.

Or there's the foreman shipwright, Robert Miller. His link with Bartram's goes back to a great-grandfather in the yard.

You take that sort of thing for granted along the Wear. These men have ships in their bones.

And here, perhaps, we get our first glimpse of why Britain, despite Henry Kaiser's "miracles," can still build better ships than America—at a quarter of the cost.

Listen to one of Bartram's directors: "Basically you can't mass-produce ships. All you need in wartime is a hull. But in peacetime shipping is a highly scientific trade. A good shipowner's vessels are designed for his trade down to the last detail. That way, when bad times come, he can go on showing a profit while the other fellow is losing money. Ships aren't just bottoms . . . there aren't any typical ships. They're all special ships—special ships for special jobs. . . ."

And you can't learn to build ships like that by correspondence course. You need men who have been born and bred to it, men who care about ships. Quality counts all the time.

Just a Piece of Paper

A ship starts with a bit of paper on the chief designer's desk. On it the shipowner lays down a few simple requirements, states what the ship will carry, where it will sail.

The designer's job is to translate those scraps of information into a ship—thousands of tons of steel, millions of parts, integrated into a vast and powerful machine perfectly fitted to its purpose.

An Argentine firm inquires about a ship to carry grain and coal.

To Albert Hooton, Bartram's chief designer, that at once means a "centre-line" bulkhead down the middle of the ship to stop the grain shifting about, two feet by two feet escape hatches at each corner of the holds to let the trimmers out after coaling, and many more complex things.

Then eight ships ordered for Portugal. They'll have to have powerful derrick equipment—because the African ports they'll use are poorly equipped.

A banana ship? That may have to be designed so that its 'tween decks are just the right height to take one row of bananas across the top, two hanging below. A citrus ship will be different. Its 'tween decks must be tailor-made to take a certain number of cases.

On ships, wasted space is wasted money.

Through the drawing office window we can see the *Aquitaine* — letters freshly painted — at its fitting-out quay. On the *Aquitaine* the cook has a fine cabin. The French think cooks important.

A bit farther along lies the *Rio Chico* with special accommodation for the student officers Argentine law will compel her to carry.

No—you can't build ships by conveyor belt. Or by sticking to the old rule book either. For, though experience counts powerfully, design is ever-moving. You have to be old in knowledge and young in spirit to build ships.

We have the maturity... Do we keep the youth? Are these yards, which have been building ships since the days of wood and sail, keeping abreast with the times?

I got talking to Hooton about the changes that had come over shipbuilding since he bent over his first drawing-board in a small yard on the Tees. There'd been plenty—and they'd never stopped.

The biggest change today? The disappearance of the tramp.

Before the war Bartram's built tramp steamers. Now they build cargo liners. The cargo liners Britain is building for the world are good to look upon. Speeds stepped up to fourteen knots and more, sizes increased to nine or ten thousand tons, have demanded finer lines.

"You never see the old straight stem we used to do. Those old ships were built like barges. . . ."

Now streamlining's on its way in.

Most of the cargo liners being built on the Wear carry passengers. Britain's ship of the future is the fast, shapely cargo-cum-passenger liner. Luxury travellers go by air.

Crew accommodation has been improved a hundred per cent. "In the old days anything would do. Now it's no more than three to a cabin—sometimes only one—recreation rooms, bedside lights and all that. . . ."

The steam engine's almost out, deck machinery is being electrified, ventilation enormously improved, complete air conditioning on the way.

Now the yards are trying out new materials in the superstructures. One of Bartram's ships will have an aluminium deckhouse. Prevents compass deflection, saves weight—and steel.

Shortages Here, Too

Yes—plenty of ideas are popping still around the drawing-boards. This is no what-was-good-enough-for-my-father industry.

But current frustrations fill the picture with "ifs," hold off the "full speed ahead" signal. Though there are only three ships actually on the stocks at Bartram's, they have to order material so far ahead that they're already building—on paper—sixteen.

Electric motors are the worst. You have to place your order two years in advance. Doorknobs and other odds and ends are a nightmare. Some yards have even been buying at stores in the town.

And now the steel cuts have brought new gnawing uncertainties. It gets worse, they say, rather than better.

But outside, the steel walls rise fast within their timber cradles.

Throbbing with activity, pulsing with the bite of steel on steel, "316"—due for launching this month—looms over the yard. "318"—first of six more ships for Portugal—grows slowly alongside. Then, keel laid a month ago, "325" lies like a weathered backbone of some neolithic monster, ungainly embryo of a fine Norwegian cargo liner.

Ned Thompson, safety man, takes me around.

"Funny," he yells above the machine gun stammer of the riveters, the heavy artillery of the platers, "the way in a shipyard you all depend on one another.

"Say you're a plater and I'm a riveter. I can't do a thing till you're through. And that's how it goes all the way along. Like each man being a sort of king in a way."

They Use Prefab Methods

We go climbing about the vast sonorous belly of "316," up and down ladders, across plank bridges, in and out. Queer how Walt Disneyish it all seems . . . holes punched in plates, plates stuck on girders.

"See that big section," says Thompson. "That wasn't there yesterday. All done below and lifted on in one piece. Look down there on the beach—they're welding a bulkhead."

That's one of the big new things in the yards these days. Instead of each plate being hauled on to the ship separately, whole sections are built up on the ground, brought into place later by powerful cranes.

Not so long ago Bartram's was working with wooden derricks and next to no machinery. "Those days," says old Storeman Eastick, "it was all main strength and stupidness."

Now the yard's been mechanized. Recently the local papers carried a picture of a prefabricated deckhouse forty feet long being lifted bodily on to a ship at Bartram's.

A splintering blue glare makes a corner of the deck look like a film set. And that's another side to this quickening of shipyard tempo. Today Bartram's weld about half their ships—more than most yards. To do so they've had to take extra ground, put up big sheds, install heavy cranage.

Welding brings a big reduction in the weight of a ship. Another important point today is that while riveting is an art—and a pretty hefty art—which may take five years to learn, welding can be picked up quickly. A girl can do it.

But whenever shipbuilding men are gathered together the welding v. riveting controversy continues to rage. Hooton, Bartram's designer, thinks they've already taken welding to the limit. At sea, buffeted by great waves, a ship's bottom may bend as much as eight inches. Riveted ships are elastic. Welded ships may break.

"I've seen a deck like this," says Hooton, describing curves with his hand, "and it cost £1,000 to straighten."

Some of the older men haven't forgotten the

welded ship that sailed out from the Tyne never to be heard of again.

But the young chief designer of one of the biggest yards told me of his belief that welding would gradually sweep the field. There weren't any structural snags they couldn't get the better of in the end, he said.

The trouble is that most British yards are so old and cramped they'll be hard put to it to find the extra space welding demands.

We climbed out on to the half-finished top-deck. "316" towered over the beach: Bartram's launch straight into the sea.

And you knew that all along the Tyne and the Tees, as here on the Wear, the steel walls were rising. Ships were being launched. New keels laid.

Standing up there with the growing ship throbbing under your feet you could almost hear the heart of Britain beating—strongly and steadily as ever.

A crane swung a length of plate across the deck and we ducked as George Wilson and a couple of helpers guided it to its place.

"Healthy up here," I said. He laughed. "A bit too healthy at times! Still, the money's all right—while the work lasts."

"*While the work lasts*"—A reservation never very far from these men's minds. Boom and slump . . . boom and slump . . . that is the bitter-sweet rhythm of shipyard life.

Nowhere in Sunderland could I find much confidence that shipbuilding's lean years were really gone for good. This is a sellers' market of sellers' markets.

For three, four, perhaps five years, the boom will hold. But when the merchant fleets are built up again; when, perhaps, freight rates are falling. . . . What then?

What happens then depends (1) on whether world trade expands—which (like most things) depends on America mainly; (2) on our keeping ahead in design and technical innovations like the gas turbine, which has now poised shipping on the verge of a new era; (3) on the efficiency of our managements; and (4) on the spirit of our workers.

Pride of Craft

Are we still turning out enough young craftsmen with the spirit of, say, Jack Naisby, who presides over Bartram's Loft, that great barn in the sky where the draughtsmen's plans come to birth?

Naisby's been in the Loft twenty-one years. He says: "You get started on a ship . . . then you watch it taking shape down there . . . you get a kick out of it, you know. . . ."

Naisby returns to his blueprints, to luxuriate in the infinite niceties of his job. But the young men are different. He finds it hard these days to keep his apprentices in the Loft. They'd rather be outside where they can lark about and make as much money without having to use their brains or go to night school.

The day I was at Bartram's the foremen and workers were getting together to plan a new club for the yard's apprentices. A wise move. For if Britain has any strength today it is her quality, and her quality is the quality of these young men—the industrial aristocracy of tomorrow.

Yet this was a place of tradition; you could feel it in the well-worn, easy way things moved; in the way men greeted each other.

Tradition, yes—not petrified tradition, our nation's curse, but living, growing tradition, a tradition of quality, a marrying of modern techniques with inbred skills, with the love of the job and the sureness of instinct that derive from centuries of building ships.

That is why today on the Clyde, the Tyne, the Wear and the Tees, the riveters beat a tattoo of triumph, the platers' hammers ring out still our island's challenge. Britain may listen—and take heart.

as I was saying . . . . by Herbert Hodge

BETTER THAN THE BIG STICK

The bullying foreman who rules through fear has lost caste. Good, but we still need discipline to keep us on our toes

THE ONE THING that's bothered me more than anything else in my life is discipline. Discipline is something I've always admired when applied to other people. But I've always rebelled against it when applied to myself.

An employer once told me that he settled the worst "trouble-maker" in his factory by making him a foreman. "Now," he said, "he's the sternest disciplinarian we've got."

I wanted to wipe the silly grin off his face as he said it. But I couldn't, because I knew that I—who had always been in revolt against any authority set over me—would probably have behaved exactly as that foreman did if I'd been put in authority over others.

☆ ☆ ☆

IT'S a queer contradiction. It's dogged me all my life. I shall never forget the first time I met an anarchist, and heard him explain the principles on which anarchism is based.

I saw at once that anarchism was the ideal form of society. With all government abolished, with all the irksome restrictions of authority swept away, I should be free to lead the perfect life.

I was immediately converted. My whole being cried out that this, and this alone, was right.

Yet, when I got home and thought it over, I came up against a snag. I still had no doubt that anarchism was ideal—for me. But I couldn't see how other people—particularly the other people I knew—could manage to get along at all peaceably without some kind of government to keep them in order.

☆ ☆ ☆

THAT was a good many years ago. Today, I'm still an anarchist—in regard to myself. And I'm still a great believer in discipline for other people.

This, I realize, is an illogical and unreasonable attitude. It therefore annoys me.

But it's a fact. So I have to admit it.

My one consolation is that, since we human beings are ninety-nine per cent alike, there may be others who suffer from a similar unreasonable attitude. If so, we may be able to do something about it together.

One thing's certain. If we're going to make anything like a success of our postwar Britain, we shall need *some* form of discipline. It's also obvious that both employers and trade union leaders are becoming less and less able to enforce discipline by the old methods.

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AT the moment, they're both scared of the unofficial strike. I know of at least one big firm where indiscipline on the part of a few workers that amounts almost to sabotage is carefully passed over—simply for fear of "stirring up labour trouble."

That's a kind of rottenness that quickly spreads.

I've just been talking over this problem of discipline with a friend of mine who works on the railway. He knows the job from the workman's end, because that was where he started. He also knows it from the manager's end, because that's where he is today.

He's one of the few men who've succeeded in climbing every rung of the ladder—in spite of the odds against him.

More important, he's one of the very few who, having got to the top, can still remember how it feels to be at the bottom.

☆ ☆ ☆

SO, taking him all round, my friend Charlie is a chap worth listening to. He's neither a professional politician nor a professional philosopher. He's simply an engineer with a wide knowledge of men.

I was pleased to find that Charlie's ideas on discipline, arising out of a lifetime of practical experience, came very close to my own, evolved mainly from sitting down and thinking about it.

There's been only one thing that's ever kept me up to the mark—the thought of letting other people down; plus the thought of what they'd think of me if I did.

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AS I talked it over with Charlie, I was pleased to hear him insist, as a manager, that discipline must be enforced from the bottom, not from the top.

The nationalization of transport, he said, gives us the perfect opportunity to reorganize the whole system on the railways—pay, promotion, discipline, everything.

If the railways are to be efficient, and railwaymen to give of their best, the whole structure will have to be altered. It isn't enough simply to transfer the ownership from the shareholders to the State. Nor is it enough to change the old school tie for the old trade union tie.

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CHARLIE, as an engineer, is solely concerned with getting the utmost efficiency on the job. Welfare schemes, sports associations and other fancy frills, leave him cold. (What's the use of giving the workers a new sports pavilion, he says, if the shed they work in lets the rain in through the roof?)

But Charlie, as a humanitarian, is equally concerned with the happiness of his fellow men. His ideas for reconstruction weld both aims into one.

His plan for discipline, it seems to me, could be applied to any large organization. He's all against our present method of making managerial appointments from the top. He wants to see it done from the bottom.

He wants each group of workers to choose their own foreman, from among the technically qualified candidates; and the foremen, in their turn, to choose their own manager, from similarly qualified candidates—and so on, up.

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EACH group, he says, working together as a group, under a technically qualified leader chosen by themselves, will work far more harmoniously and far more efficiently than under any other system—for the simple reason that, having freely made the choice for themselves, they will feel the onus is on them to make it a success.

Nor will they stand any nonsense from any member of the group who may be so far sunk in sottishness as to be willing to let his comrades down.

Does that sound too revolutionary—too utopian?

Personally, I don't think it is. I know it's the one way of working that would always keep me up to the mark. And I don't think I'm so very different from other men.

Each week Herbert Hodge comments shrewdly on problems that affect the man in the street

FREE SPEECH

★ Each Man To The Other's Trade
★ Ordinary People Who Work For Peace
★ Hotel Where Children Would Be Welcome

THE STRESS AND STRAIN of war and its aftermath have made us all tired physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually.

Work is distasteful, we get irritated and bored easily, and we see nothing more omnipotent than an atom bomb.

When a man is run down the doctor recommends rest and change. But a working man cannot retire or take a long holiday just when the mood seizes him.

What then can be done to make him healthier and happier while guarding against a decline in industrial output?

This is what I suggest. Let every man who wants to change his work.

Why couldn't a milkman do half the week on a milk round and then swap the rest with a plumber or painter or factory charge hand? Why should a bus driver be sitting, a conductor standing, a coal heaver humping, a paper hanger stretching or a miner kneeling all the hours of his working life?

I do not think such a swapping of men would involve insuperable difficulties for employers or labour exchanges.

It would avoid disgruntlement, as some trades are better paid than others. It would help to stabilize wages. It would reduce occupational disease and disability; a miner who swapped half the week with a farm labourer would be less likely to develop silicosis.

Variety is the spice of life. Let's have a free distribution of it. — MRS. R. CAMPBELL, 1 Denby Street, London, S.E.15.

United Against War

CONGRATULATIONS TO Claud Morris on his vigorous article: "What Can the Ordinary Man Do?" (JOHN BULL, June 7). He administers a well-deserved kick in the pants to those who shrug their shoulders and say: "The ordinary man can do nothing to prevent another war."

One thing, though, that Morris did not mention. In no less than thirty countries, ordinary men and women are already working hard to stop the next war.

In Britain about 80,000 are in action and the number is growing steadily.

When the United Nations Charter was being signed in San Francisco two years ago, small groups of ordinary men and women got together and launched the United Nations Association.

It exists to enable the individual to pool his campaigning power with that of other citizens so that combined pressure can be brought to bear on political leaders—pressure strong enough to prevent governments from betraying the Charter.

Linked into a World Federation, the U.N.A.s of the world aim to represent the "United Peoples" whose will statesmen must, in the long run, obey.' — ANDREW BOYD, 11 Maiden Lane, London, W.C.2.

A World Government

IN HIS ARTICLE, "What Can the Ordinary Man Do?" Claud Morris suggests that atomic energy should be handed over to the United Nations.

The United Nations, however, cannot wield a "big stick" until it has the power to do so.

And the size of the stick depends on whether the United Nations must contemplate punishing entire nations or whether it will have effective authority to indict, try and sentence individuals violating world regulations on atomic energy. What the ordinary man can—in fact must—do if he is interested in survival and wellbeing is to help us transform the United Nations into world federal government with legislative, executive and judicial authority over world affairs.

If "ordinary men" will write to me I shall be glad to suggest ways of bringing about a genuine World Parliament with authority to control atomic energy and other discoveries. — HENRY USBORNE, M.P., House of Commons.

Too, Too Genteel

PASSING ALONG an East End street the other day I saw this advertisement in the window of a clothing manufacturer: "Wanted—a Forelady."

Dear me! How long will it be before we start to have "foregentlemen"? And

"Foregentlemen," too?

how long before we get rid of this kind of snobbishness?—R. STILES, 17 Charmouth Street, St. Albans, Herts.

Family Holidays

SOME ENTERPRISING PERSON should open a hotel specially catering for families with young children.

It is no holiday at all for my wife if she has to look after our child all day, nor for me if we are tied to the house every evening.

All that would be necessary would be a large room, a little equipment and a qualified children's nurse, with an assistant or two if numbers justified it.

In the evenings an ordinary member of the hotel staff could be deputed to walk along the corridors at fixed intervals and report to the nurse in charge if any child is crying.

I believe some of the holiday camps provide this sort of service, but there is, as far as I know, no such provision for people who prefer a more traditional kind of holiday.—E. CARNEY, 31c Abbey Road, London, N.W.8.

Up the Rebels

CAN YOU EXPLAIN why so many people today fulminate against political "rebels"? When an old man like me looks back on the activities of the leaders of all political parties it is easy to remember that most of them were rebels once.

Age and experience should bring wisdom, but many of our public men appear to have acquired age without wisdom, and experience seems to have hardened their arteries and their hearts.—R. A. HOLDEN, Deighton Cottage, Clapham, Lancaster.

"... and Daughter, Ltd."

WOMEN, SO AVID for equality, seem to steer clear of one thing. When a business is run with the aid of a daughter, why does one not see the sign "So-and-so and Daughter"?—A. RACE, 46 Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

Call in the Notes

THERE MUST BE a huge number of bank notes being hoarded by people who have been evading income tax during the last eight years.

Could these notes not be called in so that twisters would be compelled to reveal their real resources or lose the whole lot?

The only snag I can see is that a move like this would cause such a scramble for goods by tax evaders that the ordinary, decent citizen would be further squeezed out.—D. A. MURRAY, Ballagan Farm, Strathblane, Stirling.

Gold bullion leaves London by aircraft. . . . A lot of trouble for nothing, thinks a reader

Good-for-nothing Gold

GORDON CUMMINGS, in his article on money (JOHN BULL, June 28) has shown that gold—for the overwhelming majority of the world's population—has lost its function as a "cover" for bank-notes.

Yet tens of thousands of men are still employed extracting this metal from the earth, while thousands more are kept busy putting it back into vaults deep down under the earth—mostly in America.

Is it not time mankind stopped this idiotic waste of labour and materials?

Surely all the people involved could be much more usefully employed producing something that would really improve our welfare.—L. BRAND, 10 Manston Road, London, N.W.2.

A New Currency

THE ISSUE OF MONEY is now a most haphazard business, arbitrarily determined by a handful of individuals.

I suggest a new currency, based on industrial output. As a new thing is produced, so automatically a new bank-note of corresponding value would be printed to enable that thing to be bought.

This method would avoid all possibility of either inflation or deflation. When industrial output was high there would be ample currency in the country; when—as at present—output was low, there would be correspondingly little money in circulation—K. MARSDEN, Kelvin Court, Great Western Road, Glasgow, 2.

Five Men and a Housewife

I AM UP AT A TIME that often seems to me like the middle of the night in order to get my house clean and tidy and my child's laundry done so that I can queue for the necessities of life before the shops close for lunch.

When I return home, I contrive to transform what I have been able to buy into a meal fit for a hungry man.

As I finish I look out of the window and see coming down the road five burly roadmen to lay a few buckets of tarred grits. The prospect of so much effort evidently makes two of the men feel faint, for they turn away and lean over a gate while the other three, with much grumbling and arguing, lay the grits at a rate that would do credit to a slow-motion picture of a snail crossing the Alps.

After this edifying spectacle I am expected to pop the supper in the oven to look after itself, pop my baby in the nearest creche to be looked after by a

JOHN BULL QUIZ

PUBLIC HOUSE NAMES

(1) "The Spread Eagle" once meant you could get certain drinks there. Which? (2) What sport gave the name "The Dog and Duck"? (3) Of what are "The Goat and Compasses" and "Bag o' Nails" corruptions? (4) With what historical events do you associate "The Turk's Head"? (5) What is the origin of the name "The Coach and Horses"?

TRIALS

(1) Who were Burke and Hare and what happened to them? (2) Who stole the King of England's crown in 1671? (3) For what crime was Charles Peace arrested, and for what was he executed? (4) What was trial by combat? (5) Which of the German leaders were acquitted at the Nuremberg trial?

MOUNTAINS

(1) What is the starting point of the Snowdon railway? (2) Which British mountaineer led the first ascent of the Matterhorn, and when? (3) Fujiyama and Taishan are sacred mountains. Where are they? (4) Where were the Greek gods believed to live? (5) What other natural enemy, besides the height and difficulty of the climb, hinders the ascent of Mount Everest?

DETECTIVE STORIES

(1) Who created Lord Peter Wimsey; Hercule Poirot? (2) What was the Red-Headed League? (3) Is Ellery Queen a real person? (4) Who wrote *Trent's Last Case*; *The Maltese Falcon*? (5) Where was "The Purloined Letter" hidden?

TENNIS

(1) May you return the ball by throwing your racket at it? (2) Why is it impossible to determine who is the world's best living player? (3) Who was the first English player in top-rank tennis to wear shorts, and which woman first wore a one-piece dress for playing? (4) What is a volley; a rally; an ace; a drop shot? (5) Which is longer, a tennis court or a lawn tennis court?

(*Answers on page 26*)

With my feet up ★ by Ian Fox

Growing Pains

"COME AND LOOK at the garden," people say when I visit them and they can't think of anything to talk about. I don't mind looking at gardens if it can be done from a deck-chair on a sunny afternoon.

But I'm not much of a one for those conducted tours when the proud owner analyses the life history of every plant.

It is usually a woman. "Now *that* little blue flower," she says, "I found it on the cliffs at Margate and brought it home wrapped in my husband's sock. Hasn't it grown wonderfully. Unfortunately I don't know its name, though someone told me it was Lesser Heartburn.

"That little Polly Lies a-Weeping was given me by Mrs. Miggles—you know Mrs. Miggles—Miss Cummerbund as was. The poor thing nearly died during all that cold weather—the plant, I mean, not Mrs. Miggles—but now it's sprouting wonderfully. And aren't my rambler roses fine this year? Yes, that one is a Dorothy Perkins. She has cheered up no end since I moved her into the same bed with my Sir Willoughby Wotherspook."

The fact is—and I may as well admit it frankly—that I'm no gardener I haven't got "green fingers."

However, I occasionally get a feeling that I might try to grow something. Then I find the snag. I am always too late.

★ ★ ★

If the urge to grow something comes on in June, the seeds ought to have been planted in April. If, in December, I think I'll plant something for next summer, it ought to have been done in October.

On one occasion the desire to grow things and the right time for planting coincided. I bought some plants. "But," said the man in the shop, "you know they only flower every other year—and this isn't their year."

Which reminds me that aloes, so I'm told, only flower once in a hundred years. So I might put one in this very minute and leave it to my grandchildren in my will.

Sometimes I hear people say that So-and-so is "a keen gardener." This baffles me. To me, the word "keen" means active, alert, on tip-toe ready to go, like a woman after nylons.

I don't see how you can be a "keen" gardener. A patient gardener, yes. Or a slogging gardener. But not *keen*. Gardening is too slow-motion.

You can plant seeds one evening and then, all keenness, set the alarm clock and bound out to look at them the next morning and what will you find? Nothing. Unless a dog has been and dug them up.

You might just as well use your keenness on snail racing or watching glaciers move.

★ ★ ★

The cause of my most recent attack of garden-urge was a sudden notion that perhaps I might grow tobacco in a window-box. Nice idea, but—frustration as usual. Tobacco grows about four feet high, so I should have to live in a permanent blackout.

Then later it has to be cured by hanging in a constant temperature of something-or-other Fahrenheit for several days. I can already feel Mr. Shinwell's breath on the back of my neck.

Finally, if you patriotically grow your own tobacco, you get the Exciseman after you, and have to pay duty. So it is much less wearing to pay 3s. 4d. for twenty.

It is clear to me that the only gardening which I could even begin to love is growing mustard and cress. It is trouble-free, abundant and quick. There is no digging or back-breaking toil—you can grow it on strips of flannel or an old pair of winter pants.

From seed time to harvest is only a couple of days. Your crop doesn't get slugs, wireworm, Colorado beetles, fungus, trunk trouble or the fly. In fact you can neglect it, kick it around, or do anything except water it with weed-killer, and it still goes on growing.

And, at last, when it has attained the full glory of maturity and you are confronted with a mass of solid, waving green, you can reap the whole crop in a few minutes with a pair of nail scissors.

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

DOCTORS' UNPAID WIVES ★ DOCTORS' UNPAID WORK

stranger, and pop myself into the local factory to do part-time work. To hell with the mending and the laundry—I can finish those off after supper, can't I?

When I see these jobs stretched to fill up time, and hear of men haggling for shorter working hours just when this country's fortunes are at their most critical, and am then told that we are going to the dogs because *I* won't work harder and do more, I sometimes feel I want to box the ears of every man I meet.—MRS. C. R. G., Aylesbury, Bucks. (Name and address enclosed).

The G.P.'s Number Two

SOON THE NEW National Health Act will become an active force and I, with other progressive doctors, welcome it as a boon to the sick.

But who is to pay that "woman behind the scenes"—the doctor's wife who answers the phone, the door and the imperious patient?

Hitherto this unpaid slave has worked for love. Now she must work for the State.

What is to be her reward for broken sleep and the long, lonely hours of waiting? — DEVON DOCTOR. (Name and address enclosed.)

Who Owes Whom

MEETING SCORES of physicians and surgeons I have found them to be good fellows, but I do dislike to hear people say Dr. Brown or Dr. Jones has given years of self-sacrificing and unpaid work to such and such a hospital.

Does it not occur to such folk that medical men (and women) owe much more to the hospitals than the hospitals owe to them?

Surgeons would never reach the top if they did not get such splendid opportunities for experience in the hospitals.—G. C., Manor Road, Worthing.

The Gentler Sex

FULL MARKS FOR ENTERPRISE to a local shopkeeper.

When his supply of nylons came in he put a notice in the window saying that only men would be served.

The queue of blushing males was orderly and there was not the "free for all" that the shopkeeper had feared from the women. — JAMES GILLAM, 24 The Valley, Stenhousemuir, Stirlingshire.

Taxi "Extras": A Racket...

ONE HESITATES TO ATTEMPT the last word with a taxi-driver, but H. H., who defended the drivers against charges of racketeering (JOHN BULL, June 21), has read the meter wrongly.

Your original correspondent complained that a taximan showed signs of temper when four people shared his cab and the tip was only 9d. over the 3s. 3d. shown on the meter. H. H. produces a mistaken red herring and tells us what we all know in London—that a driver is entitled to charge sixpence for each passenger over two.

The point is that this extra charge is shown on meters and your correspondent presumably paid it. What taximen like to do is to pretend that there is still more to pay than the meter shows. — P. TUSSAUD, 21 Grand Parade, Brighton.

...A Necessity

AS A LONDON TAXI-DRIVER I should like to explain that the taxi-sharing "racket" is being forced on us by the conditions of the trade.

Taxi fares are still at prewar level and to keep his job the taxi-driver has to pay in at least fivepence a mile. He cannot keep going without extras. More than ever before, he is dependent on the pernicious tipping system.

To put the taxi trade on a decent level fares should be doubled.—L. W. HOLT, 132 Blagdon Road, New Malden, Surrey.

The New Boy

I WOULD NOT EXCHANGE one little Cockney urchin who "don't know nuffink" for all America's young know-alls ("Junior is a Stranger," JOHN BULL, June 7).

I recently came across a little boy after his sojourn in the States. He was grades behind his new English schoolmates and had an unboylike sophistication that made one think of test-tube children.—MISS M. B. ERSKINE, Davaar, Kirn, Dunoon.

★ LETTERS *intended for this feature should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WAS H. H. HARRIS, who painted this week's cover picture, portraying his own emotions before going in to face the village blacksmith's whirlwind bowling? Maybe, as he was strapping on his pads, Harris was disconcerted to find a duck regarding his efforts with quacking sarcasm. And if he scored a glorious "duck," no doubt the duck was to blame for putting him off. As a sportsman, Harris can—whatever the truth of this story—console himself with a golfing handicap of three. As an artist? He has toured England in his own caravan in search of characters for his humorous studies and is the creator of many famous posters.

Cautiously a great forefinger moved towards its prey, but at the last moment the flea jumped. Pepé thought it a tremendous joke

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD SEARLE

A flea off Pepé

by ANTHONY STEVEN

Pepé had warned him that the emerald would bring bad luck. But a customs official in Algeria cannot afford to be superstitious

IF I HADN'T BEEN working late the previous evening, I wouldn't have been in bed when Pierre came round at nine o'clock to say there was a boat carrying contraband down in the port.

I live right at the top of the village in La Péronne, near the Roman Fort, so it was decent of him to bother. Just the same, the news made me pretty sick. As a junior customs official, the government pays me little more than a pittance, and so I have to keep a weather eye open for any pickings there may be. That means being on the spot. Today, quite literally, I had been caught napping.

As soon as I had collected my wits sufficiently to realize what he was driving at, I tumbled out of bed, pulled on my slacks and shirt, stuffed my feet into a pair of sandals, and dashed down the stairs. My kepi was hanging on a hook in the hall. I put that on just to give myself official status.

Pierre was waiting for me outside. The shoes he was wearing caught my eye at once. They were fine and new.

"So that's it!" I said.

"Yes," he replied, pointing a toe, "she's a Spanish craft. Five thousand pairs of shoes in her hold. You're about the only fellow in the place who hasn't got any, so I thought I'd give you a call. Marie would only take it out of you if she saw you hadn't fixed yourself up."

Pierre was right about that. Marie's my girl, and he's her cousin. He professes not to have much time for her, because he thinks she's too flighty. Personally, I like a high spirited girl.

As we made our way down to the harbour, I asked him why the boat had put in at La Péronne. Smugglers normally aim for the Bou Haroun side of Algiers. He replied that it was because of the storm. The steering gear had been damaged, and she had been blown off her course.

In September you occasionally get freak storms like that along this coast. They blow up from nowhere, and for a few hours there's all hell to pay. Then they fade right out.

Presently the road turned sharply, and there was the harbour mapped out below, with the sea flat and blue beyond the harbour wall. The sun hadn't sucked up all the mist yet, but there was no mistaking the contraband carrier. I knew her at once. She was Pepé's dirty old tub. I think it had half occurred to me that she might be, because I don't remember feeling any particular surprise. I simply said to Pierre: "Why, she's Pepé's." And he looked at me and asked if he was the Spanish chap with the club foot. I told him yes.

Pepé and I had known each other for a number of years. From time to time I'd bump up against him in one or other of the more disreputable waterfront hangouts.

When we got down to the west quay, the crew were lolling about on deck, and the crowd of onlookers was beginning to disperse. I couldn't see Pepé anywhere, but François Ribera, from the gendarmerie, was standing guard at the gang plank. François doesn't like me, because I cut him out as far as Marie was concerned, and so he was pleased to tell me I couldn't go on board.

They were waiting for the inspector from Algiers to arrive, he said, and he had to carry out his instructions. I felt sore, because I wanted a pair of those shoes badly, but I wasn't going to waste my breath on an undignified discussion with a fellow like François, when it was plain that for once he held the whip hand.

Pierre pulled a packet of Bastos from his pocket and offered one to me. I was glad of that cigarette. As I bent my head down to light it, a whiff came up from the strip of water under the gangplank that was enough to knock you over. The Spaniards had thrown their slops and refuse overboard. Among the potato peelings and refuse I could see two dead rats floating belly uppermost.

When I asked him where the skipper was, François nodded his head sulkily in the direction of the Flot Bleu, which is the cafe kept by old Claude Allamagna. Claude is a compatriot of Pepé's and, I suspect, almost as big a crook.

Pierre and I found the two of them chatting over the counter in the pink-washed bar, drinking anisette, which is not a drink I like for my breakfast.

Pepé didn't seem a bit downcast. He looked exactly as I remembered him; his cap was on the back of his head; a yellow stub of a cigarette hung from his protruding lower lip; his huge shoulders sagged and the faded blue shirt he wore

was open all the way down. The way the tops of his trousers strained at the buttons, you would have said his belly was trying to escape from its moorings.

Pepé never did look like a sailor. His skin didn't weather. It was like suet under its black fur. I should think he put the fear of God into any woman he met.

He was all over me when I came in. An old friend, that's what I was. I felt relieved that only Pierre and Claude were there. In my position, it wouldn't have done me any good for the whole village to know I was his old friend.

While we were talking, Pierre recollected he had to go and get some fish. His mother had asked him to. Yesterday he had left it so late that it had all been sold when he got there. I thanked him for calling me, and he sauntered off.

Pepé insisted on buying me a drink. I couldn't very well refuse. After he had served me, Claude went inside to get a dish of anchovies. While he was gone, Pepé started to rub his broad haunches against the edge of the bar, the way cattle will against a tree.

"I've been bitten," he complained. I told him I wasn't surprised, judging by the look of his boat. "Even the rats don't like her," I said. "There were two in the water by her, dead as doornails."

Pepé shrugged, and slipped a mutton-like fist inside his shirt. I could hear the rough tips of his fingers rasping over the hair as he scratched himself.

"PEPÉ," I said presently, "stop scratching and listen to me. You're going to lose all that cargo."

He grunted in a non-committal way and spat upon the floor.

"I'm rich. It's a nuisance, but Pepé will survive."

"They'll put you in prison for tonight. They might even keep you there a long time."

Pepé was unimpressed. "A month, mebbe," he said, and spat again.

"Listen, Pepé. You're rich. I'm poor. I want a present for my girl. Have you got any nice shoes for a girl? Size six?"

He shook his head. "No. They're all for men. You have no luck, my friend."

"Pepé, I still want a present." I looked at him pretty hard then, and I could see he was trying to weigh my words.

"That is not my affair," he answered shortly, his countenance dark with sudden anger.

With the toe of my sandal, I tapped his clubfoot. He understood then that it was, after all, his affair. The surgical boot he wore was rather a special one, containing a refinement of his own devising. The heel unscrewed at the base. In the cavity were a few ounces of hashish. He must have forgotten until that moment that he had once let me in on the secret.

We had both been a bit drunk at the time. I know that I told him it was an obvious sort of hiding-place, and he had replied that that was why it was a good one.

Now, as a customs man, I know that simply isn't true. My belief is that no one ever asked to examine his boot, because the average fellow is instinctively embarrassed by somebody else's physical peculiarities, and will go to quite absurd lengths in an attempt to give the impression that he has not even noticed them.

I must say, I like a pipe of hashish myself, now and again, and you can generally find an Arab who is willing to sell you some. But it's really beyond my purse, and so I have to content myself with an occasional treat. The best thing about it is that it's non-habit forming, and it's wonderfully stimulating to the mind. It gives a sort of rhythm, a shape almost, to your thoughts. Afterwards, when it wears off, you don't feel bad at all.

The idea of a month in prison didn't shock Pepé particularly, so long as he had the drug with him. But if I reported him, he would get a longer sentence for running dope, and he would be deprived of the solace it provided. Probably you don't know what an Algerian prison's like, but I've had to visit some, and they're no place to be in the hot weather unless you've something to take your mind off your surroundings.

Pepé was never slow in the uptake.

"All right. What do you want?" He raised his glass of anisette to his lips, and I looked at his thick white fingers, armoured with heavy rings. On his little finger there was one different from the others. It held a small, green stone, delicately set.

"The green one," I said. He lowered his glass and cocked his little finger.

A SMILE came over his face. "So! The emerald?" He put down the glass and without another word removed the ring from his finger.

"It is yours, my friend," said Pepé, and I took it from him eagerly. I know nothing about precious stones, but I knew Pepé didn't lie when he said it was an emerald. The warm feeling I suddenly had inside me sprang only partly from the anisette.

"I hope you aren't superstitious," he went on, "I cut that one from the hand of a rich old bitch. She was dead. It brought her bad luck, evidently, and it has done the same for me."

"I'm not superstitious," I replied, and stowed the ring in my pocket.

Pepé fell to scratching himself once more. He rolled back the sleeve of his shirt, and on the hairless underflesh of his forearm I saw the tiny creature move.

"There it is!" I cried. Pepé saw it too. Cautiously, a great forefinger and clumsy thumb moved towards their prey, but at the last moment the flea jumped. It jumped straight towards me and, as I had my back to the bar, I couldn't get out of the way. Frankly, I don't like the idea of wearing other men's fleas. At least, I like them to come to me anonymously.

Pepé thought it a tremendous joke. His laugh came wheezing and clanking up like a bucket from an unclean well. I smiled with my lips, because there's no point in letting a man know he has the advantage of you too easily. But that Spaniard was harder to fool.

"You see!" he cried. "It is the guardian of the ring. I said bad luck went with it, and, by God, I'm right. I feel a weight off my mind already."

JUST then, Claude Allamagna came in carrying a dish of anchovies and some bread, and we set to. I hadn't eaten anything since the previous evening, and so I probably swallowed more than my fair share. But then I always say that if you *have* to drink anisette, nothing goes with it so well as anchovies, and even if I was a bit greedy, it didn't matter much, because Pepé was off his grub. That surprised me; normally he ate like a horse.

It wasn't long before we were finished, and then we heard the sound of a car pulling up outside. I took it for granted it was the inspector from Algiers and, as I didn't particularly want him to see me drinking with Pepé, I decided to slip away by the back of the premises.

When I said goodbye and wished him luck, Pepé hardly looked at me. He seemed suddenly to have gone a bit green about the gills. Perhaps the idea of prison in September didn't appeal to him as much as he had thought, or perhaps he was afraid that I would give him away, now that I had got what I wanted. But he needn't have worried, for that's not the sort of dirty trick I'd play on anyone.

I went out, closing the door behind me. It wasn't really my morning off, but I decided I'd take a chance on Jean Gautier—he's the senior customs officer—not wanting me, and catch the bus into Algiers. I was keen to get the ring fixed up, so that I could give it to Marie in the evening. It was just the kind of thing to impress her; in fact, it was quite on the cards she'd decide to marry me on the strength of it.

The bus was full, and I had to stand. The machine was in a bad state, all right. The petrol fumes came up through the floorboards, and by the time we had reached Algiers, my head was beating like a drum. I got down at the Grande Poste, so that I could have a shampoo at a barber's I know in the rue d'Isly.

It freshened me up a bit, and my head felt better, but when I got outside again

Continued on page 23

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

Best Forgotten

WHILE a great deal is said, and rightly, about the importance of training the memory, very little is ever said about the importance of forgetting.

Does that sound strange? Do you wonder why forgetting should be important?

Well, isn't it better, for instance, to forget the unpleasantnesses of life and remember only the things that will give us pleasure when recalled? If it weren't for the blessed power of being able to forget I doubt if many of us would want to go on living.

Mind you, remembering and forgetting must work together. Forgetting is only useful when it's indulged in deliberately and of set purpose.

"The law of compensation," said a writer, "works nowhere more exactly or with greater beneficence than in the matter of remembering and forgetting. If a man cannot remember the names of pleasant acquaintances, he forgets the names of bores with equal facility.

"If he cannot recall the tangled course of human history, neither does he retain the nauseous details of yesterday's divorce suit, and so his thoughts are constantly running themselves free of defilement, like a mountain stream.

"He finds the present year more interesting because last year, in essentials so much the same, is already dim. Thus he finds his life perpetually renewed and always wearing some hues of morning freshness."

By training your memory to forget, so to speak, you can avoid a host of irritations, of nagging anxieties and worries, of petty fears and even of serious doubts and troubles.

It is a tragic error to dwell in memory on yesterday's annoyances when its pleasures are also there, awaiting recall.

Common sense dictates to the wise man that there is much in his daily life from which he will simply turn away. There's no sense in wearing himself out about things over which he had no control.

Train your memory by all means, but at the same time learn to forget with equal facility. It's the only possible way to acquire serenity and mental poise.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

FENNER BROCKWAY is the author of many books on social and political problems, and an expert on penal reform. Now a member of the Labour Party, he was formerly chairman of the I.L.P., and M.P. for East Leyton

CHUTER EDE, Home Secretary. His new Bill is expected to be a great advance. Even so, do its provisions go far enough?

My programme for Prison Reform:

CURE THE CRIMINAL

by FENNER BROCKWAY

End the abominations of the present penal system. Educate the convict before crime becomes a habit. That's the plan outlined in this concluding article of a John Bull series

APPROXIMATELY A QUARTER of all law breakers who go to our approved schools, Borstals, and prisons continue in a life of crime. When every allowance has been made for social influences, there remains no doubt that what we do to them when they are "inside" is one of the reasons for this.

The Home Secretary, Chuter Ede, has a Bill for penal reform in readiness. It is not yet certain when it will be introduced. Time should be found for it during the present session. Barbarities are at this moment occurring which should not be tolerated for a day.

Chuter Ede's Bill is understood to be on the lines of the Criminal Justice Bill which Sir Samuel Hoare, then Home Secretary, introduced in 1938: the war held it up. That was a good Bill within its limits, but there are three reasons why Ede should go much further.

First, there is a need, as these articles have shown, for a fundamental change in our whole treatment of lawbreakers. Second, the present Government should be more progressive than the administration of 1938. Third, there has been a world war since Hoare presented his Bill, and the public has become accustomed to drastic changes.

From the terms of the Criminal Justice Bill and the administrative reforms which the Prison Commissioners have applied, it is possible to see the pattern of the reconstructed penal system which the Home Office has in mind.

Approved schools for children and Borstals for adolescents will remain much as they are, but alternative treatment will be given to offenders who do not seem to need shutting up in institutions. This will include boarding out under probation and two new ventures—compulsory attendance centres and "Howard Houses."

The attendance centres will be of two types: one for children between twelve and seventeen and one for adolescents between seventeen and twenty-one. They would be run, according to Hoare's speech when he introduced his Bill in 1938, like "a well-known boys' club" but with "more rigid rules." Physical and manual training would be prominent. The courts would be authorized to sentence young offenders to sixty one-hour attendances at these centres over a period of six months. Those attending would lead their normal lives, going to work or school as usual and living at home.

The "Howard Houses" would be disciplinary hostels for offenders between sixteen and twenty-one. The inmates would go out to work, for which they would be paid standard rates. The maximum stay would be six months (with supervision continued for a further six months), but good behaviour would mean release on licence after one month.

Evidently the Home Office intends as soon as possible to exclude all offenders under twenty-one from prison. The 1938 Bill limited the power of magistrates to commit anyone below that age to prison and provided for the eventual abolition of their imprisonment. The minimum age for prisoners on remand would be twenty-three; under that age they would be sent to new remand centres. These centres would include facilities for observation to assist courts to determine the most suitable treatment.

The next feature of the new penal plan would be special training prisons for offenders between twenty-one and thirty who have not yet fallen into crime as a habit but who have been sentenced for at least six months. The emphasis would be on *training*. After a period of apprenticeship, the trainees would graduate to the free discipline of camp conditions.

For offenders under thirty who show signs of becoming habitual criminals the 1938 Bill would inaugurate a new type of sentence, corrective training. This would be a last effort to save young men and women from a life of persistent crime. Discipline would be severe, but training would still be the dominant idea.

When the age of thirty has been reached the Prison Commissioners conclude that there is little chance of reform for those who continually repeat serious offences. They begin at this stage to give first place to the protection of society rather than the training of the individual.

The 1938 Bill permitted long sentences of preventive detention, extending from two to ten years, to be passed on such offenders.

Training Replaces Punishment

Thirty-year-olds would probably be tried out with sentences on the shorter scale in the hope that they might still break from their criminal record. Older offenders, whose repeated offences gave no promise of reform, would be kept in prison for the longer terms. Preventive detention would begin with severe discipline, but would ease out to conditions which would not be much more than internment.

There is the plan. One incidental reform should be mentioned: all corporal punishment would be abolished except for breaches of discipline committed in prison.

Now these reforms would represent a great advance. They provide the opportunity to treat children, adolescents and adults outside the approved schools, Borstals and prisons.

They make training rather than punishment the motive of treatment for the younger section of offenders so long as the hope of reform remains. They protect society against the serious offences of confirmed criminals by segregating them for long periods.

Nevertheless, Chuter Ede should not be satisfied with putting through in 1947 reforms which a Conservative Home Secretary considered sufficient in 1938. For a start I suggest to him these immediate incidental changes, some of which could be applied administratively.

First, the long hours of cell confinement in prison must be ended. To keep prisoners locked in

Continued on page 24

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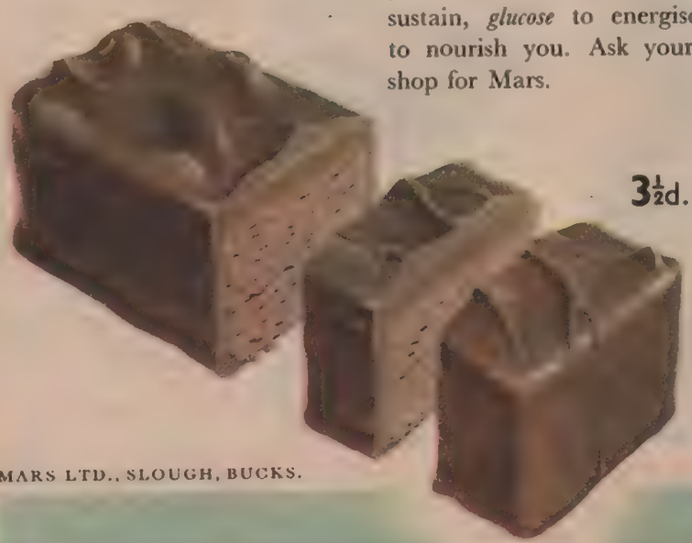

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Continued from page 20

the heat from the pavement came up and clouted me. My shirt stuck to my body. When I tried to feel if the ring were still safe in my pocket, the lining stuck to my hand, and I couldn't withdraw my fingers without the lining coming too. After that, I carried the ring in my hand.

I went down past the opera house and up the rue Bab Azoun. Ali Hacine had an attic workshop just behind the rue Bab Azoun and below the Casbah. I turned up the alleyway which led to it. It was dark and stinking. Ali was a good craftsman, although as a jeweller I don't imagine much trade can have come his way from the European section of the community. The quarter is less than respectable.

At the end of the alleyway I passed through a doorway. There was a beggar huddled on the step in a bundle of rags. He looked up at me and grinned. The flies crawled round his eyes. His nose was gone. Due to lupus, I suppose.

The stink in the courtyard beyond was worse than in the alleyway. It was full of garbage steaming in the sun, and as I crossed it the whole ground moved and buzzed. About two million flies were having a picnic.

A broken stairway leads up to the attic. Ali was asleep when I arrived, but he woke very quickly, like a wiry dog, and was full of profuse apologies. He started to prepare some mint tea. As I always say, the Arab is a liar and a thief, but he is never impolite. The tea was delicious.

I showed Ali the ring. "It's only a small job," I explained, "I don't want you to touch the setting, just make the ring smaller, so it'll fit Marie."

He said he understood. "You can have it back in a month or two," he added. Ali, like the rest of his kind, had no sense of time.

"The same old Ali! I want it done today. Today, do you understand? In two hours' time."

He smiled at that. "We will say three weeks then, as a special favour to a valued client." His manner was still like a dog, very ingratiating. I leaned across the table which divided him from me, and took hold of him by the shoulders. I thrust my face close to his own. All in a moment his eyes were two tiny frightened brown birds trying to escape from their cage. The garlic came off his breath like metal off a knife.

"Ali," I said, "the ring must be ready in two hours." This time he understood my tone. Another thought occurred to me, even as I released him.

"And Ali"—I had remembered the flea—"there is an evil djinn guarding this ring. It will not pay you to be dishonest."

Ali's long hand fluttered protestingly, as though his religion didn't actively encourage him to rob the infidel.

I let the ring pass into his keeping, and then I left him, making my way back through the crowded streets to a pub I know where the food is good and cheap, and you eat in a cellar for coolness.

It was three o'clock when I returned to the workshop. To my surprise, Ali had the ring ready for me. All the same, I thought it was daylight robbery when he asked me for two hundred francs. I gave him a hundred and told him that, if he didn't stop wailing, I'd boot him down his own stairs.

"Anyway," I reminded him, "you seem to have done what I wanted, so I don't suppose the djinn will bother you."

His eyes were unfriendly as he bowed me to the door, and for no reason at all I found I was glad to get into the sunshine, even though that awful courtyard still divided me from civilization.

That evening I put the ring on Marie's finger. She looked at me a little disbelievingly, but when I swore it was an emerald, her mouth came up to mine quickly, and it stayed there a long time. It was hard and sweet at the same time.

The next morning I was on duty early. They didn't appear to have missed me on the previous day, which was just as well. I took my cycle and patrolled the coast as far as Rocher Noir. It's a nice ride, but you've got to take it easy in the summer months, and so it was midday before I arrived back in La Péronne.

Jean Gautier was waiting for me in his little office in the customs shed. He looked like death. Usually he doesn't even bother to glance up when I come in, but today he took me by the arm and led me aside.

"They have just phoned from Algiers," he said. "Pepé has the plague. He will be dead tomorrow."

It is not nice to hear words like that, especially when you're not prepared for them. I felt the hair creeping on the nape of my neck, and my temples seemed to contract in a funny kind of way. A corner of my mind, you see, understood Jean's words quite a while before the part which does my reasoning for me had had a chance to sort things out.

Even after a few seconds, my thoughts were still popping up without any proper kind of sequence. Each of them was like one of those fat, black bubbles you get on the marshes around here. It would burst slowly, and the skin would slide wrinkling back, so that I could only handle one idea at a time.

I recalled Pepé's laugh when the flea jumped; the greenish look his face had when I left; and then the bellies of those two rats, floating on their backs in the garbage-littered water by the boat.

But however complicated the method one's mind may select to do that kind of sum, the answer, finally, is the same. I kept reverting to the flea. I suppose most people know that the fleas which carry the bubonic plague live on rats. When the rats they have infected die, they will, if there are no more rats, harbour themselves on humans, whose blood they like less well. I must say, they hadn't seemed to mind old Pepé. They had bitten him to death.

I can't recollect if Jean said anything else. I felt I needed some air, so I left the shed and went and stood on the quay, trying to get a grip on myself. Pepé's boat was standing well off-shore now, flying the yellow jack. The crew were confined on board. I didn't envy the job of the doctor who would have to try to treat them.

Thinking about them helped me to steady myself. Even so, walking up the hill to my lodgings, I'd feel sick and cold each time I remembered Pepé's flea. Those were the moments I'd begin imagining the infection had taken hold of me.

I went to my room and pulled the shirt I'd worn yesterday out of the dirty-linen basket. It was stained with flea dirts all right. I stripped the bed, but there were no marks on the sheets. Then I took off all my clothes and examined my body. There were, here and there, small, puffy red lumps. They might have been flea bites, or they might have been heat bumps. I decided I was likely to die.

I lay back on the bed. My room has red wallpaper and faces south. The shutters were open and the whole place glowed like a furnace. To make matters worse, there was a touch of sirocco in the air. I couldn't think any more. Where my mind had been there was a sort of white-hot needle-point of fear.

That afternoon the authorities sealed the port and the whole village was placed in quarantine. A squad came out from the Pasteur Institute and off-loaded some serum at the doctor's house. The doctor is a Polish Jew, and during the war our Vichy Government put him in one of those concentration camps they ran down in the desert. In my opinion, it's a pity they ever let him out, because, judging by the tales I've heard, the only reason he's set up in practice here is so that he can get his own back on us. The present crisis must have warmed his heart.

By the time he saw me, the needle of his hypodermic syringe was pretty blunt. It has to go fairly deep down through the muscles of your stomach, and it's the kind of pain I can't stand at any price. I cried.

The doctor's face wore a tired look. He didn't try to buck me up. The inoculation, he pointed out, was purely preventive, and wouldn't help if the virus was already in my blood. I hadn't the courage to tell him about the flea.

The effect of the inoculation left me feeling low, and so I stayed in bed. Marie wouldn't come near me. Pierre, who threw some pebbles at my window, told me she was in a terrible funk because I had kissed her after being with Pepé. She had been one of the first to go rushing off to the Polish doctor, and he had stuck his needle into her.

When I was pronounced out of danger, I went round to apologize to Marie, and she flew at me in a terrible rage. She said I had bribed her with a piece of green glass, and put her life in danger by kissing her. She was in the kind of mood when it's no good trying to explain.

I merely replied that the piece of green glass was a valuable emerald, but that only made her sneer. It turned out she had shown it to the doctor, and he, apparently, was something of an expert. It *was* only green glass.

Pepé was a boaster, but he didn't lie. I knew that it was Ali who had deceived me. I took the ring from Marie and caught the next bus into Algiers.

When I reached the attic, Ali wasn't there. Instead, I found a smart young officer from the Préfecture with a tray of jewels on his knees. He was studying them through a magnifying glass.

"Worth a packet," he assured me authoritatively. I didn't like his manner. It was a bit too condescending. So I picked up one of the gems and touched it with the tip of my tongue.

"Muck!" I asserted, and tossed it back in the tray. His confidence went then, and he looked at me with more respect. Not that I was interested. I had spotted Pepé's emerald. There couldn't be any doubt of it at all. It was of a size and cut identical with the bit of glass Ali had had the cheek to set in that ring. It winked up at me from the tray.

I was beginning to feel fairly angry at Ali's behaviour.

"Where is he?" I asked the officer. He looked at me in some surprise.

"Who? Ali?"

I nodded.

"Dead," said the officer briefly. "I'm only here to see these don't fall into the wrong hands." He inclined his head towards the tray.

My heart jumped queerly.

"How did he die?" I asked him. He lifted the tray from his knees, set it on the table, and stood up.

"There's a plague ship in La Péronne," he replied, "and a poor goddam Arab has to die of it twenty miles away. Beats me."

That odd kind of arrogance was stealing into his manner again. I let the ring I was holding drop into the tray beside the emerald.

"Of course," the officer added, gazing absently out of the window, "twenty miles isn't much, I suppose. Not for a rat to travel."

"Come dear, now that we've all tried your medicine you can see how silly you're being"

Continued from page 21

their cells for eighteen out of twenty-four hours is a barbarity. If shortage of staff is the reason the prison population must be reduced, by discharging the less serious and the more promising offenders.

Second, educational classes and recreation must be provided for all prisoners in place of confinement from 4.30 p.m. onwards. Education can be the greatest instrument of reform. And recreation is necessary for healthy, balanced character.

Third, a prison staff must be recruited and trained which can reflect the purpose of reform rather than punishment. It must be able to put training first; it must not be merely disciplinarian.

Fourth, the medical service must be improved and extended and it must be staffed by doctors who share the purpose of rebuilding the lives which come under their care.

Fifth, useful work and real industrial training, with the most modern equipment, must be available in all Borstals and prisons. Reasonable wages should be given; only the cost of maintenance should be deducted. Prisoners should be allowed to buy more extras and comforts. And there should be arrangements for savings.

Sixth, the use of prison visitors must be enlarged so that prisoners know that they will regularly have the opportunity of contact with men and women whom they can regard as friends and who will encourage them to make progress.

Seventh, prisoners who are tried for offences committed in prison should have the opportunity of defence. They should be permitted a "friend" to speak on their behalf. The prison visitor might often serve in this capacity.

Eighth, corporal punishment for prison offences should be abolished. The case against its use by courts was accepted in the 1938 Bill. The evil effects on offenders and staff are accentuated under the artificial conditions of imprisonment.

Bolder Reforms

But these reforms, while urgent, are only incidental. The general plan of the Home Office can be supplemented by still bolder constructive proposals.

Child offenders would be much better in good homes attending schools with ordinary children than segregated in institutions with other young offenders. It should be possible to build up a list of good homes where they could be boarded out.

Many children would still require to be sent to institutions, but a very large proportion of the inmates of approved schools could be given the opportunity to grow up as normal children.

The Borstal institutions must be freed from the repressive atmosphere which makes the boys and girls feel that they are in "enemy territory" from which it is a matter of pride to attempt to escape. A way must be found of developing a spirit of *esprit de corps* in the camps.

And with adults, only serious offences, justifying sentences of at least six months, should be dealt with by imprisonment. As an alternative the proposal for compulsory attendance centres should be extended from young offenders to adults, with a greater emphasis on *work.*

When the offence is theft, the value of the products of such work could be devoted to restitution. The principle of restitution should also be attached to wages earned ordinarily, though care should be taken not to make deductions which would mean less than a living income for the offender's family.

Prisons themselves should be revolutionized. The present buildings should be blown up, as Herbert Morrison has advocated. Those who are sentenced by the courts to imprisonment should be allocated to different institutions according to the treatment they need.

If it is thought necessary, offenders should be sent to observation centres, with medical heads and a trained staff to recommend appropriate treatment.

My main criticism of the Home Office view is that it classifies according to age and the number of offences committed rather than to the individual character and condition of the offender. At least five entirely different types of institution are necessary if prisoners are to be given the right treatment.

Young prisoners, suitable for training, should be sent to industrial and agricultural centres. There would be good instructors and modern machinery. Promising trainees should be allowed after a time to attend technical colleges and, later, to work in outside factories, using the centres only as hostels.

The Drunkards

A very large proportion of prisoners are alcoholics. A governor of Holloway Prison once reported that fifty per cent of the women "habituals" there were drunkards. "If some proper method were devised for dealing with this unfortunate class the greater part of this prison would be closed," he said. For the alcoholics, inebriate institutions are plainly needed.

There should be hospitals for physically or mentally sick prisoners, giving industrial training as well as medical care.

For many women prisoners, cottage homes are the appropriate form of institution. Here they would receive instruction not only in home management and child care, but in dressmaking, hairdressing and secretarial work.

And then we would be left with the confirmed criminals For them, the best treatment would be colonies for incorrigibles in which, unless real evidence of change were shown, they would be segregated for long periods and perhaps for life. They would have to work and to contribute towards the upkeep of their colony; and it might even be possible to develop a good deal of self-government and freedom within it. There is no reason why their families should not join them.

New System

That, then, is the plan which I submit to the Home Secretary. I ask Chuter Ede at least to end the worst abominations of the penal system which my articles have exposed. I ask him to proceed from this to the construction of a new system on "cure" lines.

Let him have in his ears the most famous of all the judgments of Mr. Justice Swift: "I have been an associate of criminals all my life. I have defended them, prosecuted them, and for many years I have tried them. I know that there is a very great deal of good in the worst of them."

It should be the aim of the Home Secretary, while safeguarding society against crime, to find that good in the criminal. The merit of my proposals is that they would serve this double purpose.

Stop the VANDALS

A new wave of destruction has hit Britain. Little publicised, it costs the nation millions

Wilful damage on this London prefab site costs £100 a week

THE PARK-KEEPER WAS ALMOST in tears. He pointed to the ravaged space where, only the previous day, flowers had grown. Now there were only a few broken-stemmed specimens left. The others had been cut off or uprooted.

"What's the use of trying to make life brighter for people?" he asked.

I asked him who was responsible.

"Not kids," he affirmed. "They cut down a lot of flowers, drat 'em, but not so many as this. Might have been a bunch of hooligans. More likely someone who wants to sell the flowers."

He told me a lot of other things about vandalism in our parks, which is more common in these days than before the war owing to the removal of railings. He showed me damaged trees, broken windows, smashed seats.

"And in the parks with lakes in them," he remarked, "we're always finding seats thrown into the water."

Prevention a Puzzle

This is only one aspect of the widespread petty crime that goes on. What to do about it is something which both puzzles and worries the authorities.

They have little information on which to base their investigations. For this kind of mischief is not the work of organized gangs or professional criminals. The rewards are too small. Nevertheless the damage costs much money and harms the public.

Take, for instance, the packed train I saw in a London station the other evening. Before fighting their way into the already overcrowded coaches, the latecomers were trying in vain to enter a compartment which was empty but locked. "NOT TO BE USED," it was labelled.

Because of wilful mischief-making on someone's part, ten people had to stand unnecessarily on quite a long journey. For a slashed seat was responsible for the closing of the compartment—and because of labour difficulties it was likely to remain out of use for some time.

We hear very little about this kind of "secret" crime, except when someone is brought to justice. One reason for the secrecy is that warnings seem to encourage the spread of damage.

Some years ago, when there was an outbreak of window-scratching, newspapers played up the story. And this pointless crime increased daily until the papers got tired of it. Then the scratchings petered out.

A big catering firm admits that it hasn't attempted to keep a close check on how much cutlery and crockery is stolen or maliciously damaged. The figures would be very high.

In the same way, the railways know that several thousand electric light bulbs disappear every year, but they can do little about it.

Waging war against crime, the railways have their own police force. It numbers over 10,000 men and women, but it is not large enough, as much of its work is taken up with routine duties.

Seat-slashing is the most inexplicable of these crimes. It happens in waves, diminishing in the summer months.

One unexpected effect of the reduction in passenger train services is that there are fewer empty compartments, which cuts down opportunities to cause damage without being seen.

But the slashers still seem to get to work whenever possible, both on seats and racks. Leather window straps also suffer. Main reason for the theft of straps in the old days was because they made excellent razor strops. Few people use the old cut-throat razors now, but the straps still disappear.

The only explanation is that there is a shortage of leather, and the acquisition of anything in short supply has a strong attraction.

Finding out the reason for the disappearance of a particular item is often half the battle in preventing the crime.

London's Underground, for instance, introduced a new type of rubber hanging strap, with a hard bulbous end. A lot of these straps were stolen, and no one could understand why until it was discovered that the professional criminal had found a use for them. They made excellent "coshes."

Now they have an iron core making it impossible for them to be cut off.

Young and Foolish

Prosecutions go to show that nuisance crimes are not committed by professional criminals, but by youths from seventeen to twenty-two, or by people who are just as foolish or abnormally destructive.

You and I are the sufferers. We have to put up with bent cutlery and wait a long time to be served because of shortage of crockery caused by the restaurant nuisances. We have to travel in semi-darkness because the loss of a lamp bulb plunges one side of a complete railway coach into blackness. We lose access to private beauty spots, closed owing to the activities of hooligans.

Our very lives may be risked because somebody has interfered with fire extinguishers or because the fire brigade has gone off on a false alarm.

This kind of crime can be stamped out only by a general agreement among the public to report every example of it, however trivial.

The extent to which the public can help the police is shown by the 5,588 arrests due to "999" calls last year.

The authorities view the matter seriously. The public should do so as well.

JOHN K. NEWNHAM

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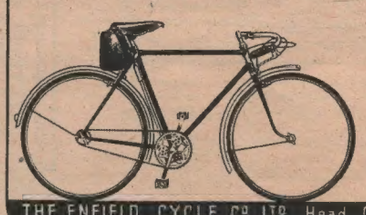

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ONE, two, three, four weeks and *John Bull's* great 1947 campaign of *Bullets* Holiday prizes will have come to an end. You must sail in quickly if you want to win your way to Switzerland or the Seaside this summer with two, three or four simple words.

Enter this week's best *Bullet* and your reward will be £250 and a Free Holiday for Two in Lucerne, where the photograph above was taken.

Big cheques and Free Seaside Weeks for Two support this splendid First Prize, but they are all reserved for readers who post their *Bullets* to Long Acre by Monday, July 14. Start now and make the coupon from this page your "ticket" for the Free Holiday of a lifetime!

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./. write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated August 2, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

"BULLETS" RESULT 1,582

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus Swiss Holiday: V. E. H. Atherley, 309 Ladypool Road, Birmingham, 12:
Mountain Of Debt
But "White Cliffs" Free

SECOND PRIZE: £25 plus Seaside Holiday: Mrs. M. Sandy, 17 Penrith Avenue, Sale, Cheshire: **Today's Problem—Adapting "Tick" To "Tick-tock."**

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Seaside Holiday: Mrs. E. Ingham, 311 Waterloo Road, Blackpool: **More Elbow-grease—Puts "Gleam" Into "Wood."**

THREE PRIZES of £5 plus Seaside Holiday: Mrs. M. Hornby, 3 St. Stephen's Road, Preston: **Under The Microscope—"Microbe" Daughter's "Picked Up"!** W. E. Platt, 5 Hougoumont Avenue, Waterloo, Liverpool, 22: **Today's Problem—Holidays *Within* Pay.** T. Tomlinson, c/o Moore, 16 Cliff Hill, Gorleston-on-Sea: **Ordinary Man — Ivan — The *Misunderstanding's* Terrible.**

SIX PRIZES of £2 10s.: Mrs. I. Elliott, "Cranbrook," Barnoldby Road, Waltham, Lincs: **When The Foreman's Dog—Loses, *We* Go Faster!** P. G. Perkins, 43 Brunswick Street, Luton: **We Britons—Becoming *Too* Good Losers.** Mrs. E. Pickard, 20 Moorhead Crescent, Shipley: **Not Cricket—Ignoring "Field" *Farmer's* "Set."** W. S. Sebbage, 18 Percy Road, Guildford: **To Blame The Government—Slow Council's Too Quick!** Mrs. F. Tanner, "Shalimar," Ruxley Lane, West Ewell, Surrey: **Takes Some Uniting—Into "Unifying Force," Uno!** Mrs. G. Webb, 10 Orchard Road, Baldock, Herts: **Holiday For The Housewife—Short—Telegram, "Where's Shirt?"**

Holidays arranged by Cook's. Cheques, 50 Season Tickets and 1,500 other Awards have been posted.

How to make a *Bullet*

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet*.

PRIZES value over **£750**
FIRST PRIZE £250 and 10-day **SWISS HOLIDAY FOR TWO**
£25 — £10 3 of £5 5 cash prizes above, each plus **SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO** Holiday Cheques **6 £2.10**
50 SEASON TICKETS 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

FOOD FOR BRITAIN
BATSMAN BEVIN
OUT OF THIS WORLD
WE'LL NEVER KNOW
SLOGAN FOR TODAY
GOOD TO SEE
OVER OUR TROUBLES
WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN
CALL OF THE SEA
STABBED IN THE BACK
IN AUSTERITY'S GRIP
LIFE'S AN ADVENTURE, SO
ROUND ONE
NEAR AND DEAR
MR. NOBODY
TO MAKE CERTAIN
PAINFUL
HIS WIFE AND YOUNGSTERS
ON THE CARDS
SHOCK FOR THE PORTER

Incomplete "Examples"—see Instructions.

.....ARRIVED AND
HOW TO GET.....
DOESN'T MIND.....
IMAGINE THE.....IF
.....PAY
WHEN SHE WAS.....

HOLIDAY TOURS with CROSSWORD £100

See Devon and Cornwall on an 850-mile luxury Coach Tour for Two. That fine Holiday prize goes with each cheque for £25 or over in this week's £100 Cash Crossword—awards value £25 amongst Runners-up.

Post your Square below by Monday, July 14.

£100 AND HOLIDAY TOURS WON
XWORD 534

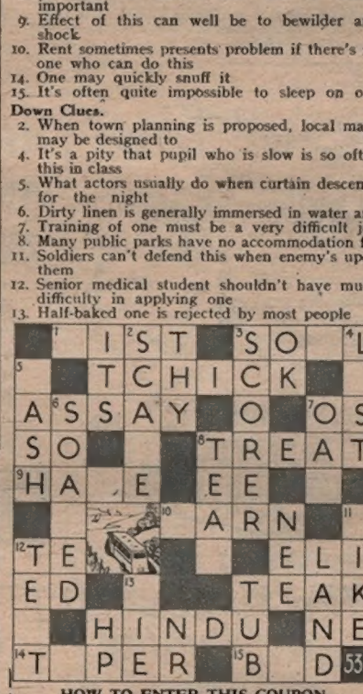
WINNING WORDS.
ACROSS: 3, Will. 5, Dates. 7, Weedy. 9, Forms. 12, Roses. 13, Part.
DOWN: 1, Caves. 2, Leads. 3, Waiter. 4, Line. 6, Passed. 8, Taper. 9, Foils. 10, Text. 11, Zip.

TWO £100 SHARERS: Miss J. Clarkson, 79 Westby Street, Lytham St. Annes, Lancs; J. M. Williams, 4 Torwood Gardens, Torquay. In addition, winners awarded 850-mile Coach Tour.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 18 entrants.

Across Clues. XWORD 538
1. In some cases one finds it impossible to make things out because of this
3. Everyone is agreed that this is vitally important
9. Effect of this can well be to bewilder and shock
10. Rent sometimes presents problem if there's no one who can do this
14. One may quickly snuff it
15. It's often quite impossible to sleep on one

Down Clues.
2. When town planning is proposed, local maps may be designed to
4. It's a pity that pupil who is slow is so often this in class
5. What actors usually do when curtain descends for the night
6. Dirty linen is generally immersed in water and
7. Training of one must be a very difficult job
8. Many public parks have no accommodation for
11. Soldiers can't defend this when enemy's upon them
12. Senior medical student shouldn't have much difficulty in applying one
13. Half-baked one is rejected by most people



HOW TO ENTER THIS COUPON

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest, but extra £25 cash amongst winners entering 8 or more 3d. entries. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

For this one Square send 6d. (P.O. or stamps), covering entry-fee and dispatch of *Crossword Gazette* dated July 26 for which enclose addressed *Bulletin and Gazette* Label without affixing stamp. If no *Gazette* required, your 6d. also covers second set of Answers on plain paper. Pencilled entries barred.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, MON., JULY 14
No.....
538
Signed.....
Address.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,586 (or XWORD 538); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin and Gazette* dated July 26 offering final **HOLIDAY PRIZES**

399
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

Closing Postmark, **1,586** MON., JULY 14
I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....
No. .....
Signed .....
Address .....

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

A Mother's Property

"MY FATHER IS DEAD and has left everything to my mother. She has made living with her intolerable both for my brother and myself. She has stated that everything she possesses will go direct to her grandchildren. Is it legal for her to do this? Or can her next-of-kin claim a share of the property?"

▸▸ Your mother may make a will to benefit her grandchildren if she so wishes.

Condemned Cottage

"WE LIVE IN A COTTAGE which was condemned in 1939 and no repairs have been done since. The rain comes through the roof. Can one withhold the rent until the roof has been repaired?"

▸▸ If the cottage is condemned your landlord is not obliged to do any repairs, and you appear to be staying there at your own risk.

Tuition Fees

"BEFORE THE WAR I was taking a correspondence course, paying by instalments, but I took on full-time work in A.R.P. and the college suspended tuition. Now they have written demanding payment of the balance and threatening legal proceedings. They will continue tuition but I no longer want to take it. Can I be compelled to pay?"

▸▸ You are liable to pay the balance of the money due. The college is covered by their offer to allow you to have the tuition and you can be kept to your contract.

Alternative Accommodation

"I AM THE TENANT of a house and want my daughter, with her husband and child, to come and live with me. The difficulty is that the previous tenant sublet the best rooms to a woman who refuses to move. She says that the landlord has given her permission to stay and that I cannot give her notice to quit. Can you advise?"

▸▸ If the sub-tenant pays rent to you, she is your tenant and not the landlord's. You may apply to court for possession if you can show that suitable alternative accommodation is available for her.

Landlord's Rights

"THE OWNER of the house provided a clothes-stump when I became a tenant about fourteen years ago. I have now been asked to return the clothes-stump, but I have an idea that I need not do this. Can the owner raise the rent? I pay the rates myself."

▸▸ The landlord is not obliged to provide the tenant with a clothes-stump, but as he has done so he cannot claim it back. He cannot raise the rent.

Son's Inheritance

"A MAN LEFT HIS MONEY in favour of his widow and seven sons, but the sons cannot touch it so long as their mother is living. The sons are all married men with families. What would happen if one of them died before his mother? Would his share of the estate be bound to be divided among the other six brothers or given to his widow and children?"

▸▸ The son could make a will now bequeathing his share of the estate to whom he wishes.

Unemployment Benefit

"FROM 1919 TILL THE END of September, 1946, I was in regular employment. For how long can I claim unemployment benefit?"

▸▸ Unemployment benefit is allowable for 180 days plus 130 days' additional benefit. After unemployment benefit is exhausted you can apply to the local tribunal for extended unemployment benefit.

Claim for Maternity

"OUR DAUGHTER married an American soldier in January, 1946, and continued to be employed until she left for America in June, 1946. She has recently given birth to a baby. Can she claim maternity benefit from her approved society?"

▸▸ The answer is "no."

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 17

PUBLIC HOUSE NAMES. (1) German wines, "Spread Eagle" derives from the arms of Germany. (2) Setting dogs on to ducks in the water. (3) "God encompasses us"; "Bacchanals." (4) The Crusades; returned soldiers would open inns under this sign. (5) Old coaching inns at stages on the coach routes often had this sign.

TRIALS. (1) Body-snatchers; Hare turned King's evidence and Burke was hanged in 1829. (2) Colonel Thomas Blood; he was caught on Tower Hill, but pardoned by Charles II. (3) He was arrested in 1878 under the name of John Ward for shooting at a policeman with intent to murder; it was found that he was wanted as Charles Peace for the murder of Arthur Dyson in 1876, for which crime he was hanged. (4) An accused man could challenge his accuser to combat, and was adjudged innocent if victorious; sometimes the fighting was done by hired champions. Introduced by William the Conqueror, the custom was not abolished until 1819. (5) von Papen, Schacht, Fritzsche.

MOUNTAINS. (1) Llanberis. (2) Edward Whymper in 1865. (3) Japan; China. (4) Mount Olympus. (5) Monsoons leave only a few weeks of the year when the climb can be attempted.

DETECTIVE STORIES. (1) Dorothy L. Sayers; Agatha Christie. (2) A mythical league in Conan Doyle's story of that name, created in order to get a red-headed man out of the way. (3) No; it is both the pseudonym of Manny Lee and Frederick Dannay and the name of the detective featured in their books. (4) E. C. Bentley; Dashiell Hammett. (5) In the most obvious place—the letter-rack—in Edgar Allan Poe's story of that name.

TENNIS. (1) No, it's against the rules. (2) Because amateurs and professionals are not allowed by the amateurs' organization to compete against each other. (3) Bunny Austin; Suzanne Lenglen. (4) A volley is a hit before the ball has bounced; a rally is a long exchange of shots; an ace is a service which the opponent is unable to return; a drop shot is one dropped just over the net. (5) Tennis court—96 ft. as against 78 ft.

WHY WORRY?

WORRY uses an immense amount of vital force. People who worry not only use up their energy during the day by worrying, but they rob themselves of that greatest of all restoratives, sleep. People who worry can't sleep. They lose their appetite. They often end up by getting really ill. How often have you heard it said, "I am worried to death"?

Nothing is more discouraging to a worrying person than to have someone say, "Oh, don't worry, it will all come out right."

Half fees for serving and ex-service members of His Majesty's Forces. (Apply for Services Enrolment Form)

This is not reassuring at all. The worrying one can't see how it is going to come out all right. But if the men and women who worry could be shown how to overcome the troubles and difficulties that cause worry, they soon would cease wasting their very life-blood in worrying.

You say that sounds plausible, but can it be done?

It can be done, and is being done by Pelmanism every day in the year. This is all the more remarkable because today the whole world is in an upset condition and people are worrying to an unusual extent. Yet, every mail brings letters to the Pelman Institute from grateful Pelmanists who have ceased to worry.

People today are all too prone to complain that they just have to worry. But once they become Pelmanists they cease this negative form of thought.

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Medical Dept., T. J. SMITH & NEPHEW LTD., HULL. Please send me a free trial packet of Lil-lets. I enclose 2½d. stamp.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

LS 47 (BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

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